HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 1752.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1890.

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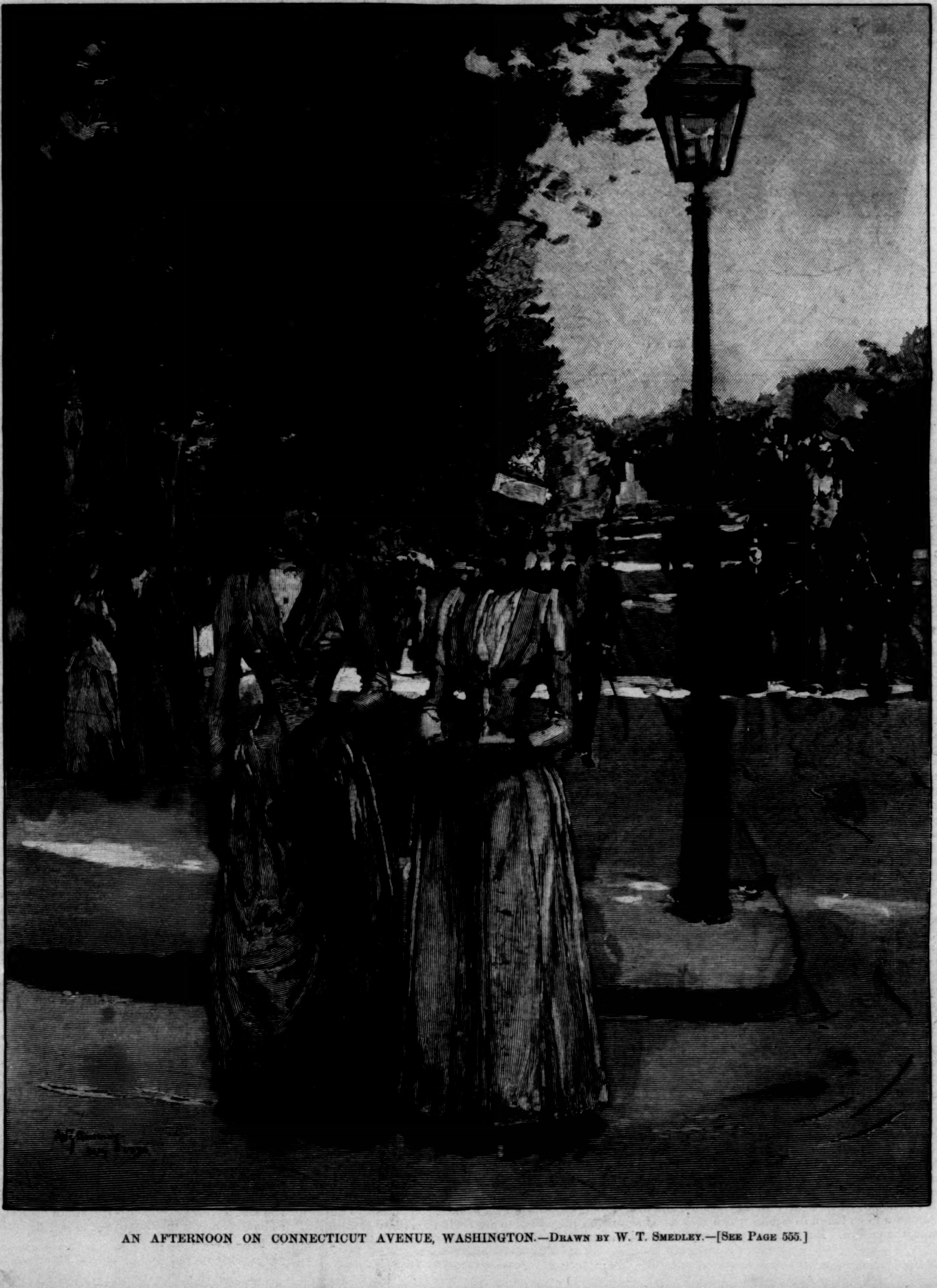

AN AFTERNOON ON CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 555.]

LIFE OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

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THE FLIGHT TO EUROPE.

THE immense throng of Americans which now goes annually to Europe will necessarily reveal the character of this country as nothing else could. Formerly the son of a rich man made the grand tour, or a devoted student, like BANCROFT or TICKNOR, went to the German university, or to Paris and Italy, bent upon study. CHARLES SUMNER was a later illustration of the same kind of American traveller. The young painters, also, and sculptors went abroad to see the great works, and to catch, if they could, the secret of TITIAN and the charm of RAPHAEL. When THOMAS COLE sailed for Europe, BRYANT celebrated the event in a sonnet. But all these pilgrims were not many. The American everywhere was an unusual and uncomprehended stranger. The Englishman was well known. There were, even fifty years ago, English colonies in the larger Continental cities, and an English physician could be summoned in Dresden or in Florence. The Englishman, indeed, persistent, uncompromising, self-asserting, with his teapot and bath-tub and sheets and pillow-cases, opened a pleasanter path of travel for the American as for the rest of the world, and when Brother Jonathan came, speaking the same language, and evidently of the same stock, his greater good-nature and courtesy and complaisance naturally bewildered the European mind.

But now the stream or the flood of American travel in Europe is greater than the English. The profusion of the American's expenditure, and his urbane cheek, to use a cheery expression of his own, open all ways and many doors before him. What would be called at home "peculiar people," of enormous and often suddenly acquired riches, with which manners and cultivation have not kept even pace, astonish the nobility and gentry of every land, and are sometimes to be found in circles which they astound rather than adorn. But with many accomplished and intelligent Americans the summer trip to Europe has become so frequent that they have established delightful social relations, and pass from New York or elsewhere to London as to Newport. They are known at clubs, and are greeted in drawing-rooms, and at baths and watering-places their names are recognized and their faces are familiar. The consequence of this constant American presence, as we may say, is a very much better knowledge of the American, and an unconscious extension of American influence. On the other hand, as Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, said in Berlin on the Fourth of July, if the Americans spend $150,000,000 a year while travelling in Europe, they could learn enough in Germany alone, of household economies and of wise methods of enjoyment, to pay for the expense. The advantage is reciprocal. Both the traveller and the native learn by their familiar intercourse the truth of the German proverb, "Beyond the mountains are men also."

If we are fortunate when a man like Mr. LOWELL, or his successors Mr. PHELPS or Mr. LINCOLN, is our representative in England, how fortunate are we when a multitude of those who also represent what is best and most characteristic in America are familiar figures in foreign countries! There are many such often going and coming by whom we should all be glad to be estimated. They have, indeed, a serious responsibility, of which we will hope they are conscious. Although they have no official character, they are still our ambassadors, ordinary, if not extraordinary, and their conduct credits or discredits all their countrymen. In other years the official American Minister in a foreign city has been known, under the illusion of the grape, and attired in raiment which was certainly not official, to harangue from the balcony of his hotel the wondering passengers in the street. Another, dangling his feet from the sides of a barouche, with a cigar at the Bowery angle in his mouth, and a fiercely cocked hat on his head, announced in another city that he'd be —— if he wasn't a free American citizen. Happily we are no longer at the mercy of Choctaw representatives. But every steamer takes away a crowd of American envoys by whose intelligence and conduct we may all feel glad to be judged. They are very sure to win for their country the respect of other lands, and to make serious and menacing troubles with them much more difficult. "If only all antislavery men were like you," said a planter to WENDELL PHILLIPS, with whom, not knowing him, he had been talking in a railroad car, "we could easily settle these matters." The sure bond of national amity is friendly personal knowledge.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

IF the whole case of the bill giving the control of Congressional elections to the national government were stated in saying with Mr. MCKINLEY that it was solely a bill to secure honest representation by an honest vote and a fair count, opposition to it would require explanation. But Mr. MCKINLEY knows that if a bill should be introduced authorizing the national government to protect personal rights in general in the States, although it would seem to have a most laudable purpose, he would oppose it. He would say that the Constitution does not give the protection of such rights to the national government. But would he not go farther, and say that it wisely refrained from giving it, not only because the States would not have ratified such a Constitution, but because, in a Union like ours, local self-government for the protection of such rights is indispensable to the general welfare. The election bill is founded upon a constitutional grant of power which apparently covers the case of Congressional elections. But even should that be generally conceded, even should the understanding in regard to it, and JAY'S and HAMILTON'S view of the emergency to which it was to apply, be disregarded, every statesman must necessarily inquire whether the unbroken tradition of the State control of Congressional elections, and the universal conviction that such authority is in its nature a fundamental local right, and so regarded by the fathers, do not produce a situation in which the exercise of the constitutional power would imperil the public welfare.

Mr. MCKINLEY said amid applause that God put no nation in supreme place that would not do supreme duty, and it was the supreme duty of the hour to enforce the Constitution and the laws. But was it the supreme duty of the hour forty years ago to enforce the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, merely because it was in the instrument? Would the Constitution and the public welfare have been fatally wounded if the power had been unused? Mr. MCKINLEY will remember that EDMUND BURKE did not deny the power of Parliament to tax the colonies, but he held the paramount question to be, whether if there were such a power it was wise—that is to say, for the true interest of England—that such power should be exercised in that way, and that question was to be determined by careful consideration of the actual situation. If it should be urged that the constitutional power would now be exercised not to harm a man's liberty but to protect it, then the argument that it should be used because it is a constitutional power is abandoned, and it is invoked as the best means of righting a wrong.

"The supreme duty of the hour," then, is not to enforce a certain power, but to consider whether, under all the circumstances, this bill is the best way of righting a wrong. On the contrary, reasoning from human nature, from experience, and from the testimony of Southern Republican Representatives who are very much more familiar with the situation than Mr. MCKINLEY, the bill will at once fail of its purpose, and produce consequences which every honest and humane citizen must deplore. It is not an argument for the passage of such a bill that in some Congressional districts the colored vote is terrorized, and that Congress may change the time, place, and manner of holding the election, unless it be shown that the most intimate convictions, the strongest feeling, and the unbroken traditions of a community may be wisely defied to attain a good object which cannot be reasonably supposed to be attainable by such action. The whole plea for the passage of the bill was that colored voters were prevented from voting, that it was a gross wrong, and that the Constitution permitted Congress to supersede State control of the election. But it cannot be the supreme duty of any hour for a nation to do wrong, and to seek an end which is desirable by means which necessarily threaten to make the situation worse, is in itself an enormous wrong.

PRINCIPLES AND MEN.

THE election contest in Pennsylvania raises the old question of the meaning of the phrase "principles, not men." The Republicans are told that if they are sincere Republicans it is because they believe that certain principles are essential to the public welfare, which, under our form of government, can become the policy of administration only through a party, and consequently they must sacrifice personal preferences among candidates in order to secure the ascendency of the party, a result which becomes impossible if the action of the majority of the party in making nominations is not sustained. Whoever is nominated becomes the party candidate, and even if not the best candidate possible, yet for the objects and principles of the party he must be considered preferable to the representative of the other party holding adverse principles. The statement made in this way is conclusive, but it is conclusive only because it assumes certain things as true. It assumes, for instance, that the candidate is simply a representative of the party principles, and of nothing else. If, however, he represents dishonest methods, or if his candidacy is a mere pretence to whitewash something or somebody else, or if he is conspicuously unfit for any public trust, the phrase "principles, not men," is an argument against him, because the principles he then represents are not those of his party, but they are tricky politics or dishonest government, and the party principles are invoked merely to serve as a cloak for things which all honest men of all parties despise and disavow.

In an excellent speech last autumn to the British-American voters in Boston, Mr. EDWARD L. PIERCE, who is and has always been a Republican, advised them to become active members of a party in order to make their views effective. But he added that he could not advocate servility to any association of men. The conditions of party allegiance are admirably stated by Mr. PIERCE in these words:

> "I do not enjoin absolute obedience to the caucus majority. Ordinarily those who enter it take their chances, and must abide the result. They cannot rightfully do otherwise from caprice, disappointment, or mere preference for another candidate. But if the caucus puts before the electors dishonest men, those who are incompetent or otherwise unfit, it is the duty of every good citizen, by all means in his power, to compass their defeat. It is no cant, but solemn truth, to say that the obligations of manhood and patriotism must always transcend those of caucus and party."

These are words that may be wisely pondered by Pennsylvania voters in the present emergency in that State. To the observer in New York and in the country at large the election of Mr. DELAMETER would mean Republican approval of all that is called Quayism, and of Mr. QUAY with his unexplained record as an honorable public man. He is not a candidate, indeed, but that fact does not change, in the public consciousness, the significance of the election. The election of Mr. PATTISON, under the circumstances, would mean not a Democratic victory, but a Republican protest against Republican betrayal of the principles, traditions, spirit, and methods of the Republican party. It is of course impossible that the action of the Republican Convention should not have startled many honest and faithful Republicans, and tended to weaken the party. In the beginning of April, HENRY C. LEA, "as a Republican by conviction, ardently desiring the success of the party so long as it deserves success," wrote an open letter to the President, saying that he had riveted upon Pennsylvania "the chains of Quayism," and that the interest of the Republican party, "as well as that of the nation, demands its purification by defeat." There are many Pennsylvania Republicans who must now feel that Mr. LEA'S remark is truer than ever, and that as honest citizens they ought not to sacrifice principle to QUAY'S man.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY ON THE FOURTH.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the Fourth of July season was the first convention of the United Confederate Veterans' Association of Chattanooga, Tennessee, on the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg. On the same day the Society of the Army of the Potomac held its annual meeting at Portland, in Maine, and heard a striking and eloquent oration from General F. A. Walker, and speeches from Generals Sherman, Howard, Chamberlain, Porter, Devens, and other eminent officers. There was nothing said or done which was not patriotic and most becoming.

This is equally true of the Confederate meeting at Chattanooga, which was indeed remarkable for its blending of regret for the memory of the lost cause with sincere patriotic devotion to the Union. The significance of the occasion was best expressed by an inscription upon one of the decorative arches, "Backward looking in our thoughts to-day, but in the glorious future of our reunited country live our hopes." Every sign and word of regard for the lost cause, indeed, may be readily misinterpreted into a wish that it had prevailed. But while something of that feeling may linger among the Bourbons who survive every movement, it is plainly only a Bourbonism.

These two expressions of patriotic feeling in two widely severed parts of the country were very timely, as illustrating a spirit very different from that which is represented by mere politicians anywhere. It is the spirit of brave men who differed and fought, and who have not lost mutual respect and the common feeling of countrymen because they once met as armed enemies. If the feeling of such soldiers as met at Portland and at Chattanooga on the anniversary of Gettysburg could animate politics it would be a national good fortune.

PATRIOTISM AND PESSIMISM.

Senator Hawley protests against the tone of Bishop Potter's Phi-Beta-Kappa address at Cambridge as pessimistic. We protest, in our turn, against branding patriotic condemnation of acknowledged public evils as pessimism, or as implying in any way or degree whatever loss of faith or hope in the American government or in the American people. Bishop Potter stated in some detail, as the time and occasion permitted, certain dangerous national tendencies, and criticised certain acts of Congress, and the Rev. Dr. Wayland on the same platform and at the same time with Senator Hawley did the same thing.

Dr. Wayland spoke with confidence of the probable correction of the evils which he exposed, and it is a curious view of Bishop Potter's discourse which discovers in it a feeling of despair or of doubt of the issue. But certainly, since we are naturally disposed not to depreciate our own greatness, there is no truer public service which an American can render to his fellow-Americans than to insist that we shall take account also of our weaknesses, and the perils which our own success engenders.

The Fourth of July is indeed a day of inspiring and grateful patriotic recollections. But it is a doubtful improvement of such a day to denounce as pessimism the rebuke of national vanity or increasing political corruption, or to hold the reproof of such evils to show a disposition to regard them as the rule and not the exception. The educated intelligence of the country and the gentlemen in politics, of whom Senator Hawley is a signal illustration, are never more patriotic and less pessimistic than when strongly and clearly, but without partisan heat or personal feeling, they invite the public to consider the public situation, not as they might wish it to be, and believe that it can be, but as it is.

NEW STARS IN THE FLAG.

The law requires that for every new State admitted to the Union a star shall be added to the flag on the first Fourth of July following the admission. The President signed the bill admitting Idaho on the 3d of July, and our flag now bears forty-three stars. The pending admission of Wyoming will make forty-four. One of the results of the increase is shown by the statement that the one hundred and five thousand people of Wyoming and Idaho will have four Senators and two Representatives, while the two hundred thousand people in the First Congressional District of New York have but one Representative, and each of fifteen wards in the city of New York has a population as large as that of the two new States together.

This is one of the facts of our political system which always excite popular amazement, and are easily turned to account by political orators. But the question involved was one of the earliest in the Constitutional Convention, and its adjustment was one of its wisest acts. The disproportion of population between Rhode Island or Delaware and Virginia or Pennsylvania was obvious, and upon any basis of mere numerical representation the smaller States would be always outvoted, and there could be little hope of their acceptance of any such scheme of union. The happy device of the equality of States despite the number of population, and an equal representation in the higher house of the Legislature whose vote should be necessary to the enactment of laws, was one of those settlements of apparently insuperable difficulties which are the great distinction of that extraordinary assembly, the Constitutional Convention.

This basis of union, however, although indispensable, can be easily abused. Indeed, when the government in all its branches is under the control of one party, the power which Buckle declares to be too great for any man is seen to be equally intoxicating to a party. There can be no restraint upon the authority of Congress to admit new States but its own patriotic good sense. Against party spirit, however, patriotism is seldom effective. The conditions of our political system undoubtedly permit a party so to intrench itself in power as to make its dislodgment very difficult. But the same system offers to patience and persistence a way of relief. Forty years ago the Democratic party had strained every constitutional power, and seemed to be planted in permanent and absolute control of the government for a most unrighteous purpose. But it was peacefully routed, and it was because of its constitutional defeat that its Southern leaders took up arms. The remedy for the situation is always constitutional, as the election of Lincoln shows.

TAMMANY AND THE PRESS.

If Mr. Bourke Cockran in his recent speech at Tammany Hall meant to warn the press of possible violence for remarks distasteful to himself and other Tammany leaders he did it effectively. In commenting upon certain strictures of the press, he said, as reported in a paper friendly to him:

> "I do not believe in the remark made by a friend of mine that redress can only be obtained from such a person by the bludgeon or the pistol, because I do not believe that one dead editor would improve journalism."

This has the unmistakable tone of the exhortation of the ringleader to the mob, "Don't nail his ears to the pump!" Mr. Cockran understands his audience, and not impossibly he means to be understood by the press. But an intimation of personal assault as a reply to public criticism, although made by one of Mr. Cockran's friends, is an extremely un-American method of attempting the discipline of the newspapers. The sin of the American press is certainly not extreme severity of comment upon local public sinners. The first great and brave exposure of Tweed's Tammany Hall by the *Times* was attended, undoubtedly, like all later exposures, with personal peril to the critics. But the fault was not the severity of the exposure made by one newspaper, it was rather the previous good-natured and half-pusillanimous acquiescence of all the newspapers in the outrages of the Tammany ring.

If remarks like those of Mr. Cockran, certainly not made without a purpose, could affect in the slightest degree the course of the press in exposing an institution like Tammany Hall, the chief local bulwark against the domination of rogues and bullies would be swept away. Tweed and his gang, more wily, tried to empower the judges to imprison his critics for contempt. But his State Executive did not care to face public indignation at such a scheme. It is a vigilant, able, and courageous press, the constant witness and critic of the Tammany ring, which alone preserves the good name of the city of New York.

A LATE HONORARY DEGREE.

In conferring upon President Low, of Columbia, the honor of the Doctorate of Laws, Harvard acknowledges with friendly courtesy the eminence of the head of Columbia and the career and qualities which have distinguished Mr. Low. The higher collegiate degrees, by an established and excellent custom, are now conferred both as certificates of high scholarship and of especial general distinction. This was illustrated recently at Oxford, where, at the same time, Professor Goodwin, of Harvard, the Greek scholar, and Henry M. Stanley, the traveller, received an honorary degree.

A degree, however, viewed simply as a mark of general distinction, is like a statue. It shows what the donors respect. In making President Low a Doctor of Laws, Harvard honors not only the accomplished and able chief of administration in Columbia College, but the wise and independent and public-spirited citizen. When he was summoned last year to his present position, Mr. Low was not unknown. No man in the country had done more, or was known to have done more than he, for the happy solution of one of our most difficult civic problems—municipal government. So in regard to all public interests, Mr. Low's career has illustrated the courage, independence, sound judgment, intelligence, and conscience which are the source and the hope of American institutions.

It was a good fortune for Columbia College and for the city that such a man was selected as its President, and it is pleasant to see our oldest university stretching out its hand, and placing a laurel upon his brow. It is one sign among many others that in the oldest academic veins the blood of vigorous and generous youth still leaps and courses.

THE WILLIN'ESS OF BARKIS.

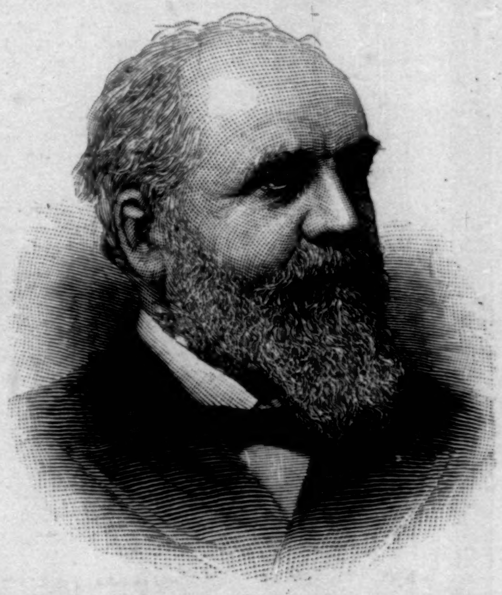
The late visit of Governor Hill to Indiana seems to have been designed to present him distinctly as a Democratic candidate for the Presidential nomination. The ostensible occasion was the unveiling of a statue of Mr. Hendricks, but everything else was lost in the interest which the presence of Governor Hill excited. The non-partisan character of the ceremonies of unveiling was illustrated by the speech of General Sickles, the travelling companion of the Governor, who commended impartially Hendricks, and Morton, and Lincoln, and Douglas, and Chase. If Mr. Hendricks had been all of them combined, with George Washington added, Mr. Riley's ode could hardly have been more exuberant.

But a political club is said to have insisted upon a speech from Governor Hill, and in the evening he delivered a stump-speech, of which the only sting was such as the course of the Republican party has supplied. It was a vehement arraignment of the administration party as the foe of liberty and the Constitution, and the truth of much of it nobody could deny. But the Governor's view of the extraordinary happiness and contentment of the colored race in the Southern States was rosy beyond belief. The performance was a simple partisan harangue, and it was probably very agreeable and acceptable to the audience.

But the conversation at the house of Mrs. Hendricks, which was duly reported, and intended to be reported, was very comical. General Sickles said that Mr. Cleveland probably committed himself to the civil service reformers before he knew much about them. Governor Hill said that he should hasten home to tell New York that Mrs. Hendricks was President of a charitable society; and Mrs. Hendricks said that she should never forgive the Governor nor wish to see him in her house again if he did not take the Presidential nomination from Mr. Cleveland. This ludicrous conversation was gravely published, and the understanding in Indianapolis seemed to be that Governor Hill is now "entered for the race." That Barkis is willin' is evident, but that there is any pining for Barkis does not appear.

PERSONAL.

General Clinton Bowen Fisk, who headed the Prohibition ticket at the last national election, died July 9th, at his home in this city. He was born in York, Livingston County, and spent much of his boyhood in this State, working on a farm, and picking up as much of an education as his poverty and naturally weak eyesight would permit. Success came to him as he entered a business career, and at the opening of the war he was in St. Louis as the Western manager of an insurance company. He raised a Union regiment and then a brigade, his services in this direction and in the field winning him steady promotion till he was brevetted Major-General. As Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau he later on did excellent work in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, and helped to form Fisk University at Nashville. In 1874 General Grant made him President of the Indian Commission, and he filled the place up to the time of his death. General Fisk was a loyal Methodist, and was a trustee of Dickinson College, of Drew Theological Seminary, and of Albion College, in Michigan. He was a member of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and prominently associated with various business enterprises. In the campaign of 1888 he did not enter actively into the canvass, the nomination having come to him against his wish, and received only 251,147 votes.



—Gladstone clings to his old hat and his seedy clothes with a tenacity that would make the average vender of cast-off garments despair. He hates to break in a new suit.

—The late Willard Sears, of Boston, stood with Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and other prominent abolitionists during the early days of antislavery agitation, and when every church and hall in the city was closed to them he built the Marlborough Chapel, and dedicated it as a battle hall against slavery. It was in its time the largest hall in Boston, and afterward became the Lowell Institute.

—Andersonville Prison has been bought by Captain J. D. Crawford, Commander of the Grand Army Post at Macon, Georgia, and it is to be used as a national park and club-house by the members of the order. All traces of the prison and stockade will be effaced, and the grounds beautified and a club-house erected.

—Kossuth lives in retirement at Superga, Italy, and spends much of his time in writing. A slowly growing cataract threatens to rob him of his eyesight.

—Rev. Josiah T. Howes, a Congregational clergyman for over sixty-seven years, is still preaching at Litchfield, Maine, although in his ninety-second year.

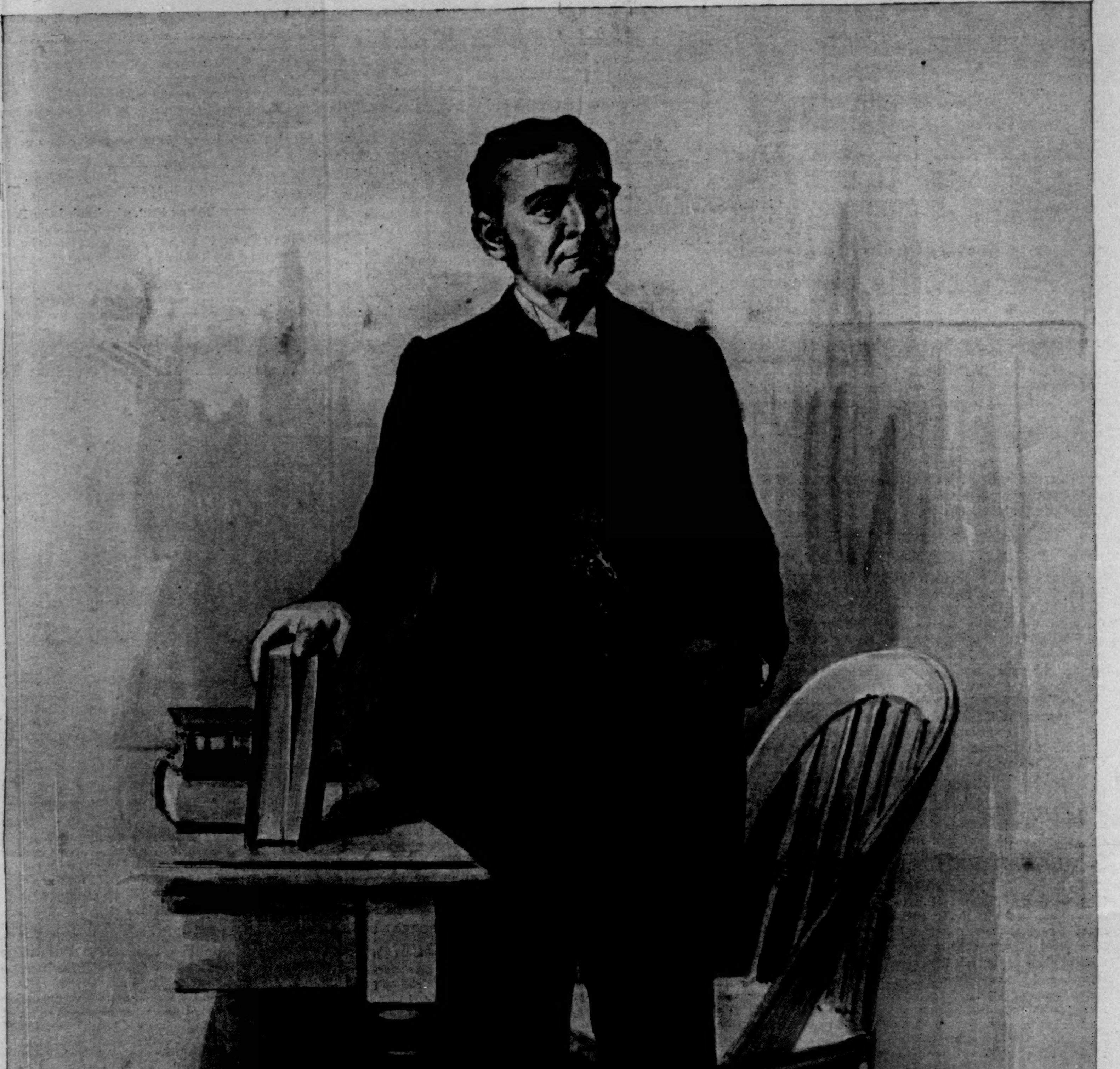
—Tennyson works hard during the morning from breakfast to lunch, and then spends the remainder of the day in recreation.

—Catherine Dorsey, of Providence, Rhode Island, died recently at the age of one hundred and twenty years. She was formerly a slave in Maryland, and remembered well the several occasions on which she had seen Washington.

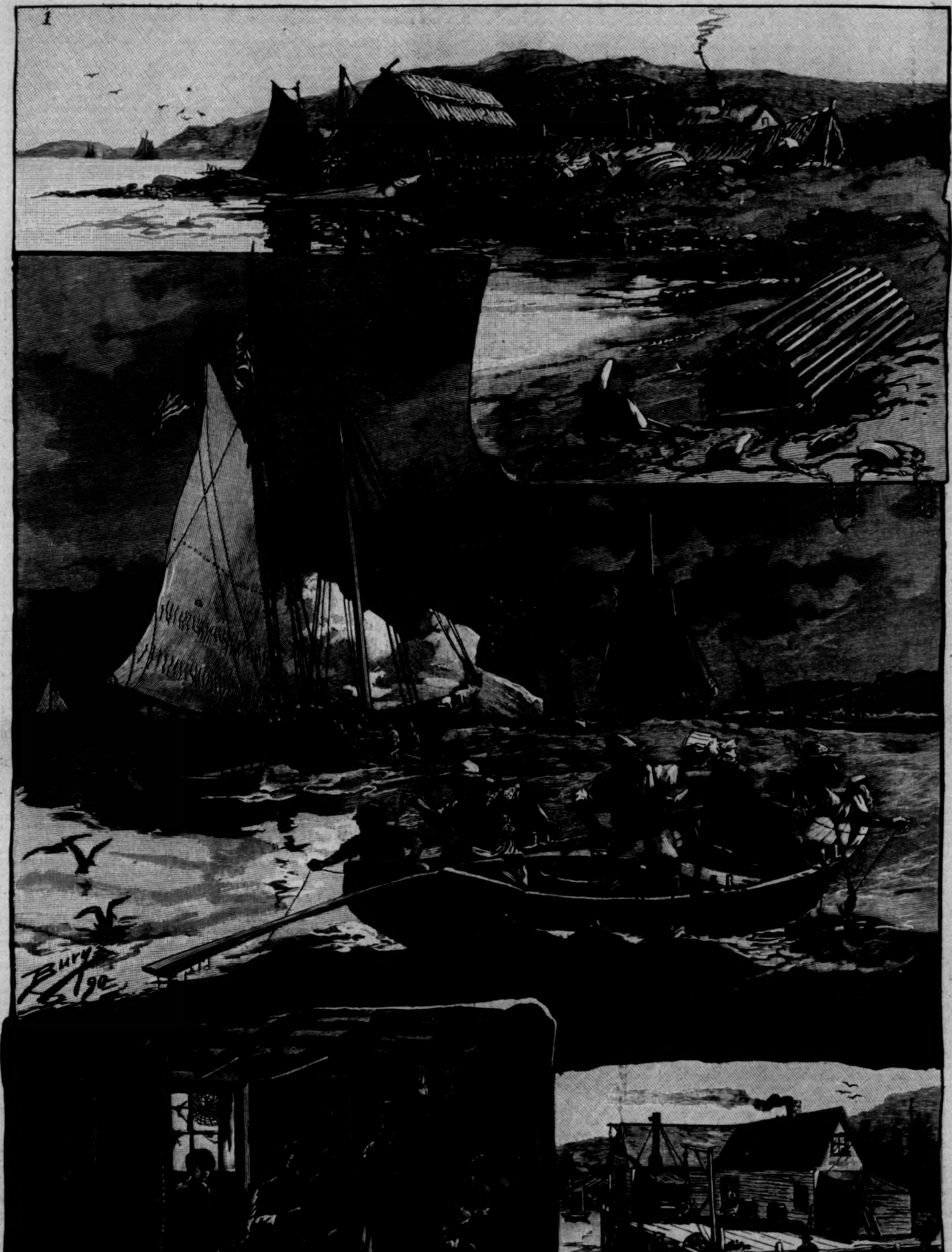
—Prince Herbert Bismarck cherishes carefully the wreck of a watch which he carried during the Franco-Prussian war, and which stopped a bullet that otherwise might have ended his life.

—The Duke of Edinburgh is a clever violinist, and also an enthusiastic postage-stamp gatherer, his collection being one of the most complete in the world.

—Sir Morell McKenzie, Queen Victoria's physician, is one of the busiest men in London, and works on an average fourteen hours a day. He lives in Harley Street, Cavendish Square, a thoroughfare given over to the medical profession, for out of one hundred and fifty houses on the street, two-thirds are occupied by doctors. He calls on his patients during certain hours, receives calls for consultation from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., and divides his time as methodically as possible. During his boyhood Sir Morell had to work his own way, and not till he was nearly nineteen years old was he able to leave his position as a clerk to study medicine. After making throat diseases a specialty for twenty-eight years, however, he stands at the head of his profession in that line, and his efforts to save the life of Emperor Frederick of Germany will not soon be forgotten.



JOSEPH H. CHOATE, OF THE NEW YORK BAR.—Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 558.]



NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS FISHERIES.—From Sketches by J. W. Hayward, St. John's.—[See Page 555.]

1. French Shore Fishing-Room, Newfoundland. 2. Squid Jigging off Newfoundland. 3. Bedroom. 4. Fisherman's Cabin, French Shore. 5. Newfoundland Lobster Factory.

LOVE AND POLITICS AT SWAN'S ISLAND.

POLITICS and courtship are all that seem to interest the people in Swan's Island to any great extent. Even the women and children quarrel over the affairs of the government; and a Democratic lady cannot borrow from a Republican lady, though it be a case of emergency sudden and pressing. Neither can a Republican lady expect any favors from a Democratic lady. No business can be transacted amicably between two men of different politics; and the small Democrats and Republicans make faces at each other, and cannot be induced to sit side by side at school. The men are always discussing and "argifyin'" when on shore. In the one store, which is down by Dark Cove, and is also the post-office, there is seldom a lull in the discussion of a week-day, and the meditative eve rings with livelier debates. Sometimes these political discussions by the light of the fitful kerosene end in tragedy. Two young sailors disagreeing on the merits of the incoming and outgoing President last year, one seized a knife and inflicted a severe wound upon the other. Cap'n Nahum True thrashed Cap'n Ezra Hogden within an inch of his life because he did not believe in "terift reform," and Cap'n Ezra took his revenge by shooting Cap'n Nahum through the arm in the dark and silent night while the latter was on his way home from Greatport. Small boys emulate the example of their elders; and one lively lad of nine pushed another lad a year or two younger than himself off the slip into the deep waters of the ocean because he did not believe that Cleveland was a good President. Fortunately some fishermen were near at hand, and the young politician was rescued from a watery grave. Sailors who are either neutral, or only mildly persuaded that they belong to one party or the other, when they come to Swan's Island soon become violently partisan; and yet there seems to be nothing more aggressive in its salt, Northern, and vigorous air than in other places roundabout where they take things more calmly.

A courtship, or the rumor of a courtship, will always create a diversion even in the most troublous times, however; and now, though the Swan's Island light-keeper had recently died, and there was great excitement over the question whether the government would appoint Ben Spurling, the son of the late keeper, who was a Democrat, or Joe Neally, who was a Republican, and was trying his best to get the position himself, when it was spread about that Mary Olive Swan was encouraging two beaux at the same time, even this excitement passed over in a measure. The male portion of the island were fully as much interested in the affair as the female, and everybody was on the *qui vive* to find out all the particulars of the case. The women dreamed of it at night, and edified each other by relating these dreams at the earliest possible opportunity, and the fishermen were reluctant to leave the shore until it was finally settled. Some prophesied that she would take Joe, some that Ben was the favored one, "Mary Olive was just so queer 'n' bigerted"; and others that she had no idea of marrying either. Some thought she was "so tickled to get two beaux, as she never had any when she was young, her hair was so red and her face so saller, that she was entirely upsot, and couldn't tell her own mind no more'n nothin'."

"To be sure, her hair was jest as red now, but she had grown better-lookin'. Her cheeks were plump and her complexion red and white, but what there was about an old maid like her that them two men should be so dretful taken by was a wonder. It was probable that she had good wages for keepin' house for her old uncle over to Greatport all these twelve or thirteen years, but she couldn't have laid by no great; she was too given to dressin' up, Mary Olive was."

As for Mary Olive herself, she was the picture of unconscious innocence when she entered the meeting-house of a Sunday with the two men dangling at her heels, and sang soprano in the choir to Joe Neally's bass, while Ben looked on with ill-concealed jealousy and disapproval.

Mrs. Reuben Swan—they were nearly all Swans and Spurlings on Swan's Island—declared that she "couldn't sense the preachin' at all with sich goin's on," and Mrs. Adoniram Swan said that it was "Mis' Jotham Swan's duty to speak to Mary Olive, 'n' caution her aginst sich behavior. If she was her sister-'n-law, 'n' lived under the same roof with her, she would ha' done it long ago. But Mis' Jotham never hed no gumption till she got well started; then her tongue got too limber sometimes." And Mrs. Jotham Swan *did* speak after a while, though she liked and respected her husband's sister; and having not yet fully recovered from a rheumatic fever, and with a large family on her hands, she could not possibly get along without her help, and was mortally afraid of offending her. But something must be done to stop the wagging tongues.

"Have you any idea what a sight o' talk there is 'bout you round the island, Mary Olive?" she said one night, twitching nervously at the skirt of her limp calico gown.

"About me?" exclaimed Mary Olive. "What under the sun do they find to say about me? I've hardly been out-of-doors, except to meeting, nor seen anybody since I came back from Greatport."

"Why, they say you're a-leadin' on 'n' encouragin' two men ter court ye ter once, 'n' I must say myself thet it looks like thet, Mary Olive. 'Pears ter me, if I was in your place (I know 'tain't none o' my business, though), if I wanted ter git merried, I'd take Joe Neally right off fur good 'n' all, 'n' give Ben his walkin' ticket. Joe's stiddy 'n' likely, owns his house, 'n' is pritty certain ter git the light, bein' a Republikin 'n' an honest feller."

"There, Sabriny Swan, what *are* you talkin' about? I declare I'd forgotten what a miserable, pryin', suspicious, meddlesome place this island is, I've been away from it so long. You'd ought to go away too for a while, Sabriny, and get a different set of ideas and notions. Encouragin' two men to court me, am I? Can't two old neighbors call to see a body once in a while without havin' it said they're courtin'?"

"Oh, Mary Olive, what's the use o' talkin' like that? You know 's well's I do, 'n' everybody else does, that they're both crazy ter git ye, 'n' ready ter tear each other's eyes out with jealousy; 'n' didn't Joe bring ye some sap sugar, 'n' Ben mend your boat fur ye, 'n' dig up yer flower bed, 'n' bring ye a whole lot o' chiny-oyster seeds 'n' sich; 'n' didn't you go a-ridin' with Joe 'n' a-sailin' with Ben; 'n' don't they both walk ter meetin' with ye every Sunday, 'n' hang round the steps ridic'lous in the evenin' tryin' ter steal a march on one t'other to see ye home?"

"For goodness' sake, what if all you say is true? Ben is an old friend of mine. He's the only one that ever paid me any attention before I went over to Greatport, and Joe was little brother Tom's best friend, and was with him when he was drowned, and tried hard to save him, and I played with 'em both when I was a little girl. It seems a pity 't I couldn't accept a few triflin' favors from them without having it called encouragement. They're all I have to speak to outside this house, anyway. Nobody with a grain of sense could have any intercourse with these spleeny, gossipin' women. As for marrying either of 'em, I haven't the least idea of it. The last thing I want is to get married to anybody."

"If you git merried ye must put yer trust in the Lord," sighed Mrs. Jotham. "Jotham's a terrible good husban' as husban's go; but there, catch me ter git merried again if I was single! But, Mary Olive, it does 'pear ter me that you're a-leadin' both them men on, 'n' ye'll git yerself inter hot water if ye don't quit it. I don't feel right a-havin' Ben here ser much, nohow. He's a Demercrat, ye know—kinder lukewarm, mebbe—but Demercrats are as wicked as the Borgies. If they git inter power the country 'll all go ter nothin', the mack'rel fishery be sp'ilt, 'n' the Pope o' Rome 'll grab us all under his thumb: the minister says so. Joe's a respectable Republican, at least. He was kinder makin' up ter Maria Antinette Spurlin' when you got home."

"Well, he'd better stick to Maria Antinette. There's no reason why he shouldn't because he comes over here of an evening sometimes. He likes to sing, and Maria Antinette hasn't got an instrument, 'n' I have; that's most likely one thing that takes him here so much. But, mercy sake, Sabriny, I won't condescend to talk any more about it. As if a woman of my age—thirty-five my last birthday—hadn't got judgment enough to know what's suitable in the way of friends without anybody's interference! And I must say I never heard such nonsense talked about politics, nor met with so much politics in my whole life, as I have since I came back to Swan's Island. If the Pope of Rome was to grab this place, he'd drop it quick enough, there's no doubt about that; 'n' I reckon there's some cracks 'n' damages in the ship of state whichever party sails it. Both parties are wicked enough. They both say, like those plaguy patent-medicine men, take my pills 'n' you'll be all right, and offer a han'some chromo as a reward into the bargain. Joe Neally expects to get the light because he turned Republican a year ago. That's his chromo."

"Why, Mary Olive, I should think 'twas plain ernough which side was right. All the ministers and deacons is Republikins, 'ceptin' Deacon Goodwin, 'n' he's a dretful queer Christian—goes trampin' 'n' sailin' all over the country on the Sabbath-day if he happens ter take a notion."

"I don't care anything about his politics, but he's worth all the rest of the island put together. I don't see how he stands such a narrow-minded set as he has to deal with."

"Oh, dear! dear! dear! It 'pears to me you must be crazy. I reely believe you're a Demercrat too. Jotham, he ain't real strong on the right side neither. He don't want ter set in the store 'n' argify nor nothin'. An' you a perfessor, Mary Olive! What would Elder Wright say? He—"

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Joe Neally, who brought something in a basket, which he handed to Mary Olive with a smile.

"Why, it's a setting of ducks' eggs!" she said, lifting the cover. "'Twas real good in you, Joe, but I didn't expect you to go 'n' get 'em just because I said I wanted 'em. I was calculating to go over to the Point tomorrow and get some. And if here isn't Ben with ducks' eggs too!" she proceeded, as the door again opened and another man with a basket appeared on the threshold. "You're both as kind as kind can be. I don't know what I shall do without you two good neighbors when I go away from the island."

Both men looked glum, and then glared at each other.

"You don't say you're goin' to leave us, Mary Olive?" said Joe, pulling at his sandy whiskers.

"Not till Sabriny gets real smart again; not this summer, or I shouldn't be setting hens. But of course I ain't going to stay here for good. What is there for me to do on Swan's Island?"

"I got some Pekin ducks' eggs for you, Mary Olive. They say you can bring 'em up 'bout as you would chickens, with skursely any water, and I thought they'd be just the thing for you, as the pond is a consid'able distance off," said Ben, who would not acknowledge Joe's surly nod of greeting.

"Pooh! I don't take no stock in them kind o' ducks," remarked Joe, scornfully. "Ducks must have plenty o' water. They take to it as natural as life."

"Just as natural as some folks take to lyin' and connivin' in all kind of underhand ways to cheat other folks out of their dues," said Ben, his blue eyes flashing with wrath and contempt.

Joe started up in a towering rage. "What do you mean?" he cried. "I—"

"There!" said Mary Olive, interrupting him. "If you and Ben are going to quarrel here, I'll never speak to either of you again. Sit down, Joe, and don't be such a goose. I'm ashamed of you, Ben. Why can't you be friends? You used to be, I'm sure; and such old neighbors too."

"I ain't a-goin' ter hev my house a scene o' condention 'n' quorlin', nohow," piped Mrs. Jotham. "It wa'n't never sech a place, 'n' never will be if I ken help it."

"Beg pardon," said Ben, promptly. "I hadn't ought to have said what I did, I know, but there's a limit to a man's endurance sometimes."

"Ben thinks I'm trying to cheat him out of his dues because the folks about here think I'd ought ter have the light," said Joe, with a sneer.

"Princerpul is princerpul, 'n' the righteous party is in power," said Mrs. Jotham, with closed eyes, as she swayed to and fro in her splint rocker. "His father 'd orter died last year afore the Democrats went out, if Ben 'd wanted ter keep the place."

"Never mind Sabriny, Ben. She always feels obliged to testify to her politics as well as to her religion," said Mary Olive, looking half alarmed, half amused.

People did not generally mind Sabriny very much. Ben hardly knew what she had said. He was regarding Joe with a look of the most intense disgust.

"That's a strange way to put it," he said. "The people round here want you to have the light, 'n' you're so mighty obliging as to resort to lyin' and cheatin' in order to get it. I won't say any more, Mary Olive. I won't demean myself to talk with him about it, anyhow."

"Can't we have some music, Mary Olive?" said Joe, ignoring his angry rival. "That new piece we sang last Saturday night has been a-runnin' in my head ever since. That was a handsome tune and no mistake."

"Yes; but let us have some of the old tunes. If Ben brought his flute, he'll play an accompaniment."

"I brought my flute, but I'd rather not play under the circumstances, if you'll excuse me, Mary Olive," said Ben.

"There, somebody's a-comin' up the walk. P'r'aps it's Jotham," said Mrs. Jotham, rising to open the door. "Lor', no; 'tis Aleck Clark!" as a tall, stalwart young fellow appeared on the threshold.

"Do, folks?" said the new-comer. "Any news sence I've been gone?"

"Not that I know of. Take a seat, Aleck," said Mary Olive. "I hope you've had good luck."

"Tollable, thank ye; but I've seen a bigger load o' mack'rel brought in 'fore now. I shouldn't ha' come in so soon but my boat's kinder giv' out. She ain't nothin' more'n nail-sick, though. But I can't stop. I come after Joe. I brought over a friend of his, Nat Jones, from Greatport. He's got some business on hand that he wants to see Joe about."

"Well, I s'pose I must be goin', then," said Joe. "Where'd you leave the boat, Aleck?"

"Sorry to have you leave so soon," said Mary Olive; but there was an amused twinkle in her eyes at his very evident reluctance to take his departure and the quick furtive glance of hatred which he bestowed upon Ben, as if the unfortunate circumstance had been of his especial planning.

"I hope we sha'n't be cheated out of our music the next time I come over," he said, still lingering on the threshold, while the somewhat impatient Aleck, who had already said good-night, waited outside.

"Come, Joe," he ventured at length; "Nat's a-waitin', you know, 'n' he won't know what's become of me."

"Well, I guess nobody won't be stunded if he waits awhile longer. He ain't 'fraid o' the dark, is he?"

When the door finally closed upon him conversation rather lagged. Mrs. Jotham was grim and severe, but very sleepy. A loose board in the floor complained dolefully under her slowly swaying rocker. The fire fell into a pile of scarlet coals, and left the large room with one faint lamp in semi-darkness. Mary Olive scarcely moved her knitting-needles. Ben sat, with eyes fixed upon the floor, in a most dejected attitude. Mrs. Jotham's knitting work fell to the floor.

"She's asleep, ain't she?" remarked Ben, with a nod in the direction of the now stationary rocker.

"Oh, Lor', yes. She's usually pretty sleepy evenings, you know."

"Well, as long's proverdence has taken away Joe Neally for an hour or so, 'n' has shut Mis' Jotham's eyes at the same time, I'm goin' to say something to you, Mary Olive, for goodness knows when I can get another chance. I know 'tain't any use. Joe's a good deal better match 'n I am, as far as property goes, and you 'pear to like him consid'rable well; but I'm going to have it out anyhow, and if there ain't the least hope for me, I want you to say so. I keep a-sayin' so to myself all the time, but—"

"Oh, dear me, Ben!" interrupted Mary Olive, "why will you be so foolish? Why do you take it for granted that there's got to be a match in the question, because I'm friendly with you and Joe, and accept neighborly kindnesses from both of you? I haven't the least idea of taking either of you, or of getting married at all, as far's that goes. I'm a good deal better off as I am. An old maid won't put up with the contrary dispositions of men, and all their trying ways and notions, jest for the sake of getting married, as a silly girl will."

"I s'pose I am contrary 'n' tryin'," said Ben, meekly; "but I worship the very ground you walk on, Mary Olive. I did before you ever left the island; but I was a dreadful bashful, shilly-shallyin' idiot, and you never dropped your eyes and was sheepish and quiet, like the other girls, to give a feller a chance to speak."

"I guess you wa'n't in a very desperate state, Ben, or you would have dropped over to Greatport to see me now and then, or written to me, or something. You was in the place lots of times while I was there, and I never laid eyes on you, only once or twice when I happened to meet you in the street. I was an awful homely girl, and I don't suppose 'twas natural that any man should really fall in love with me."

"You was always a picture to me," said Ben, simply; "but as for goin' to see you over to Greatport, why, I daresn't. You never would ask me, in the first place, 'n' when I happened to meet you over there in the street, you was always so kind of pert and off-hand, and dressed so nice, I didn't feel as if I was anywhere."

Mary Olive colored deeply. "I thought if you wanted to see me, you could come without asking," she said. "Queer. I would have liked to have a beau then. All the other girls had them, but not one came near me. Late years, when I've had something else to think of, I 'pear to have become a belle."

"You ain't goin' to have Joe, then?" inquired Ben, anxiously.

"Why, didn't I just tell you, Ben, that I didn't want to marry anybody?" she answered, laughing.

"He thinks you favor him, I'm certain; and I heard over t' the Point yesterday that you was engaged."

"Never mind what he thinks. He hasn't any reason to think anything. The folks over t' the Point must have something to talk about, anyway."

Mrs. Jotham awoke with a start at this point, and looking about her with some bewilderment, remarked that she "shouldn't wonder if Jotham got in that night, as she had just been dreamin' that a clairvoyant came in and told her that he was a-comin'."

Ben arose to take his leave, looking rather dismal.

"Yes, you're in a hurry to go now. I s'pose 'taint so interestin', now I've woke up," said the drowsy lady, with unusual vim.

"Sabriny Swan," said Mary Olive, "you certainly are not very interesting the little time when you are awake late days."

Jotham *did* get in that night. He appeared at the door soon after Ben took his departure, filling the room with an odor of salt-water, tar, and fish.

"There!" said Mrs. Jotham. "I reckon you'll begin ter b'lieve in my dreams byme-by! What 'd I tell ye? Any luck, Jotham?"

"Tollable. Not sich a great ketch, but the fish sold well. I stopped to the store on my way up. There's a sight there a-talkin'."

"Politics, of course. I do hope you won't get political, Jotham," said Mary Olive.

"Well, 'tain't exactly polertics. They're a-havin' it over 'bout the light. Joe, he's determined ter git it; 'n' some folks say 'tain't 'coz he wants it ser much himself as he wants ter git it away from Ben. He's got a grudge agin him, ye see"—with a meaning look at his sister—"but then, for that malter, he alwus hed, 'n' he's been 'n' got up a petition aginst his hevin' it, sayin' he ain't a suitable man, 'n' how he neglected his dooty."

"Neglected his duty?" exclaimed Mary Olive. "Did Ben neglect his duty? I wouldn't have believed that of him, or any of his family."

"I can't see 't he did, 'n' I declare it's a mean shame, Demercrat or no Demercrat. You wouldn't ketch me signin' nothin' agin Ben. The minister, he seems ter run of an idee it's an orful wicked party; but Ben's a good feller, whatever ticket he votes, I say; 'n' he was a-doin' his dooty, 'n' more'n a-doin' his dooty, when he saved that crew o' men from drowndin', if the light was five minutes late."

"I never heard anything about that. When was it that he saved the crew?"

"Why, 'twas nigh six months ago, jest after the old man died. An all-fired storm came on in the mornin', 'n' the *Soosan Jane* was wracked jest outside Black's P'int on them blarsted rocks. All the other men was skairt to go to the rescue, 'n' Ben, he never thought nothin' 'bout the lamp, but risked his own life 'n' saved four men. There was six in all, but two was lost overboard afore he got to 'em. Elmiry, she alwus lit the lamp in the old man's time if he happened ter be behindhand, but she wus so took up with the wrack, 'n' so scairt about Ben out on sich a tough sea, thet she clean forgot, 'n' was jest a leetle mite late. All the other lights wus lit, ye see, 'n' the wrack warn't in the wake o' this, nohow. Besides, the fog wus a-clearin' up, 'n' there warn't no need of a light, as I see."

"And they say Ben neglected his duty?"

"Joe does; 'n' he's kinder persuaded some other folks that he did too, 'specially folks thet didn't know nothin' o' the sarcumstance. He's got a number o' names on his paper outside the island, 'n' all round about. Most o' the island folks wants Joe ter have it, 'coz they've pooty near all got sound Republikins, the minister's said ser much; but a good many are honest enough not ter sign that pertition. If Joe comes ter me with it, I shall tell him what I think pooty plain. He's a-goin' to Washin'ton himself with it, they say."

"I can't find words to say what my 'pinion is of Joe Neally if that's what he's up to," said Mary Olive, with flashing eyes, as she hurried off to her own room.

"Massy sakes!" said Mrs. Jotham. "You don't s'pose she means ter hev Ben, after all? Mary Olive was alwus jest so bigerted. But princerpul is princerpul."

Mary Olive closed her door with a bang, and seating herself on the bed, began to think. "I ain't in love with Ben, I know I ain't, but I hate such injustice, and I'm going to do something about it myself, no matter what folks think or say, as there's nobody else that seems to care enough about right and wrong on this miserable political island. So Joe's going to Washington with his petition, is he? Well, somebody might make haste and get there ahead of him, and carry the truth to head-quarters; and if there is any justice in the world, why, the truth would prevail. What's politics got to do with keeping a light, I should like to know? I always wanted to go to Washington myself; I always meant to. I've got the money now, and my new black dress would do to wear. It ain't just the time of year I should 'a' chosen for the trip, but then—"

And before she blew out her candle and settled herself for repose, Mary Olive had a plan in her mind which would have amazed the whole island. When she awoke in the morning it flashed at once into her mind.

"There, I've slept on it," she said to herself, "and I 'ain't altered my mind; but nobody but Deacon Goodwin must know the least thing about it. He can keep a secret, and he'll be glad to help, I'll warrant I shouldn't wonder if some other folks could get up a petition too, as well's Joe. But if Sabriny, or even Jotham, gets hold of it, everything will be spoilt. They're both of 'em leaky. Jotham always was kind of simple, poor soul; and as for Sabriny—"

She bustled about her household affairs as usual until after breakfast. It was a breezy morning. Jotham was preparing for another fishing cruise. Sabriny had a touch of "neuroligy," and was smoking to cure it. The bay was filled with scudding sails, and up at the light-house, which she could see from the kitchen door, Ben was polishing the windows of the tower. Mary Olive watched his motions for a few moments, then turned quickly away.

"I know I can't prevent folks from calling me a fool, but I can 'n' will prevent myself from being one," she said, half aloud. "Heads orter harden after bumping against the world for thirty-five years, but anyhow I'm going to start on a journey to-morrow."

The children were on their way to school before she broached the subject.

"Where in the world air you a-goin', Mary Olive?" asked Mrs. Jotham, on being informed of the proposed journey.

"Well, I'm going to Boston, in the first place; and maybe I shall go about considerable before I get home, if you can get along with what help Israel's Phebe can give you for a week or ten days."

"Oh, I can put up with her for a spell. She's tollable smart, if she didn't waste soap so awful. 'Pears to me you started up dretful sudden, though."

"That's the way I like to do. If I wait and think of it a while, I sha'n't enjoy it half so much. I shall start to-morrow, and this afternoon I'll go over to Israel's and speak to Phebe."

She not only went to engage Israel's Phebe that afternoon, but had a long and apparently satisfactory interview with Deacon Goodwin, who lived over at the Point, and who met her at the wharf in Greatport the next noon, when she embarked on the Boston boat.

The next day Joe Neally went off in the same direction, and the whole island was alive with the report that he was going to join her in the city, and they were to be married.

One week from that date Ben was agreeably surprised to receive from Washington, duly signed and sealed, his appointment as keeper of Swan's Island Light. The outraged Republicans all collected in the store that night to give vent to their indignation and amazement. What was the world coming to when a Republican government appointed a man of another party to keep a light? "The whole country had a right to be fairly stunded," old Captain Spurling said.

And great was the disappointment when Mary Olive returned alone two days before Joe made his appearance, though there was some excitement in wondering where she had been, and what had been her errand. Perhaps she had bought her wedding outfit. When Joe appeared there was more to talk about.

"How 'n under the sun did Ben git thet 'pintmunt?" his followers inquired of him. "Didn't he go on ter Washin'ton with thet petition himself, 'n' wouldn't thet fetch 'em?"

"No, 'twouldn't fetch nothin', because Mary Olive Swan got there ahead o' me with another petition, 'n' a great pack o' lies into the bargain. She's the slyest 'n' the brazenest woman I ever see. She thought nobody 'd find her out, but I tracked her, 'n' met her in the station to Boston comin' back, 'n' cast it in her face, 'n' she couldn't deny it. She said she didn't care nothin' particklar about Ben, only to esteem him as a friend, but she wanted ter see justice done."

"She don't care nothin' particklar 'bout him, hey? Porty strong leanin' towards jestice, I should say. Hard on you, Joe. We all thought you was the favored one."

"Favored one?"—with an air of intense scorn. "Mary Olive 'n' I have been good friends enough, we used ter play together when we was children, but as fur marryin', no sich bold, contrivin' old maids fur me!"

A general laugh and doubtful looks followed this statement.

"You're a tarnal critter, Joe, if you be a 'Publican," said Captain Timothy Drew, who was a frequent caller at Jotham Swan's and knew the state of affairs.

Ben kept away from the store, but he heard the whole story, of course. The place rang with it. It got over to the other islands; it was even talked of over at Greatport; and some aggravating scribbler sent an altered and highly romantic account of it to the county paper. Jotham's front lock, the one which he always twitched whenever he was angry or excited, had grown so thin and ragged that he was strangely altered in appearance, and Mrs. Jotham was so overcome that she took to her bed. As for Mary Olive, she only remained on the island one night. Israel's Phebe was doing remarkably well as help, and she thought it a good time to make a long-promised visit to relatives in Greatport. One outing made her long for another, she said.

At the end of three weeks she was back again, and on the evening of her return Ben came strolling down from the hill to see her.

"How's the ducks flourishin'?" he inquired of Mary Olive, who was standing in the open doorway.

"Well, I declare, I'd forgotten to ask after 'em myself. I left 'em in the care of Joey," she said. "I've been a considerable distance since I saw you last, as you know, of course. who doesn't know it? But, Ben Spurling, don't you go and think that—that I was in love with you because I went to get ahead of Joe Neally in that light business. I wasn't any such thing, but I was awful mad to see such injustice done, and I hopped right up and off on the impulse of the moment, and I'm glad I did. I'd 'a' done it for old Cap'n Timothy Drew under the same circumstances. I never knew till afterward that—I liked you"—with a sudden rush of color into her fair plump cheeks.

"I never indulged in any such notion. 'Twas just like you, Mary Olive; just as you was when you was a little girl," said Ben, vehemently.

"Well, but, you see, I should have to marry you now anyway; that is, if you were of the same mind. Folks never 'd get tired of talking about it if I didn't; if I do, they'll quiet off in a little while, maybe. But I ain't going to live on this island, Ben, though I love the place. It's too political. You'll have to give up the light-house or me, after all."

"Well," said Ben, with his face aglow, "I'm 'tached to the light, but I'm 'tached to you a good deal more. Father 'n' mother both bein' sick so long, I've been obliged to stay here so fur, with now and then a little run o' coastin', so I haven't laid up any capital to start out in any kind o' business with; but I calculate I could support you tollable well a-coastin'. Oh! Mary Olive, if you *do* like me—"

"Don't talk about coasting, Ben. To tell you the truth, Uncle Rube left me a little money. I've got 'most four thousand dollars in all. It's a wonder I've been able to keep it a secret; but I have, so far. Jotham and Sabriny don't suspect it, and what do you say to our setting up a store over to Greatport?"

But, after all, the pair began house-keeping at the light-house. It was evident that Ben had a great many friends on the island still, in spite of his politics, and Mary Olive made haste to have a charming little cottage built adjoining the old one at the foot of the light, surrounded by a flower-garden that was the wonder of the town.

"Cupid appears to be uncommonly lively over here on Swan's Island; laughs at politics as well as at locksmiths," said the captain of the supply boat, as he landed with his cargo of oil for the light, to old Captain Hardy, who was lounging on the wharf.

"Coopid? Yes, Coopid is kinder beatin' down polertics, as 'twere. Mariar Antinette Spurlin' giv' Joe Neally the mitten t'other day, 'n' is goin' ter merry Dan Thomas, the Demercratic repersentitive from Western Harbor over yonder. I'm a 'Publikin myself; but, Lor', there's jest as good Demercrats as there is 'Publikins, 'n' there's jest as good 'Publikins as there is Demercrats, 'n' that's the long 'n' short of it. The folks about here is a-beginnin' ter find it out, too, in spite of all the 'Publikin stump-speaking there's been about, 'n' the minister ser dretful one-sided."

SUSAN HARTLEY.

THE FRENCH IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE interminable disputes of the French engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries with the British fishermen, which recently threatened to end in open warfare between them, has directed public attention afresh to this most productive field of the fishing industry, and to those by whom it is prosecuted. By the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, Great Britain ceded to France the right of catching and drying fish on the western and northern sides of the island, and also gave it possession and full sovereignty of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, at the entrance of Fortune Bay, as places of shelter for its fishermen. Though the treaty conveyed no territorial rights whatever to the French on the Newfoundland coasts, they, through insidious and generally unchallenged gradual encroachments, have secured a species of quasi-sovereignty on those parts of the coast where certain favors had been granted them. The practical outcome of all this has been to exclude the inhabitants from the most fertile half of the island, and to materially interfere with their fishing successfully. The privileges which were granted to the French as a favor, they now feel disposed to refuse to the real owners, and their menacing attitude toward the lobster factories owned by the British inhabitants and others is causing a great deal of anxiety. Many of the Newfoundlanders, principally Irish, who form the bulk of the population, are indignant at the British government for its real or fancied disregard of their outraged rights, and talk freely of annexation to the United States, as promising relief from the vexatious and oppressive aggressiveness of their French neighbors. Their grievances are now under consideration by the British government, and the probable issue will be erelong to rescind the concessions made to the French on the Newfoundland coast, with possibly the cession of St. Pierre and Miquelon to the British, the French receiving in lieu thereof territory or privileges elsewhere.

The cod-fishing season is now at its height in Newfoundland waters, Americans and French engaging in the Banks fishing, while the Newfoundlanders occupy themselves with the coast and Labrador fisheries. The cod begin to appear off the coast of the island about the 1st of June, their approach being invariably heralded by the caplin, a beautiful little fish about seven inches in length, which invades the coast in vast shoals. The cod follow in their wake and feed greedily upon the caplin, which supply the best bait. About the middle of July the caplins disappear from the coast, and are succeeded by the squid, a species of cuttle-fish, which prove agreeable food for the cod, and are in much request for bait. The squid are followed by the herring, which continue to the middle of October, when, the food supply of the cod having disappeared, this fish also takes flight, and the cod-fishing season closes.

The bait industry is largely prosecuted along the shores and inlets of Conception Bay, and during the fishing season the utmost animation prevails in the fishing villages, especially upon the approach of vessels requiring bait. At such times men, women, and children are busy in securing it, and not rarely make more by the sale of bait than by the cod and herring fishing combined. The squid are caught with proper squid jiggers, no bait being used, and the caplin are seined.

Cod are taken by the hook and line, the seine, the cod net, the cod trap, and the button. After being captured the cod are taken to the fishing-room, which consists of a stage for splitting, heading, washing, and salting them, and a flake behind or beside the stage for spreading the fish to dry. During the day they are spread on boughs, and at night are yaffled up and piled, covered with birch rinds or tarpaulins, and otherwise prepared for the market. In immediate proximity to the fishing-rooms are the dwellings of the men and their families, which are much more comfortable than could be expected under the circumstances. During many years there has been no great increase in the quantity of cod taken, though a large increase in value probably secures to the increased number now engaged in fishing individual profits equal to those gained in the past. The annual export of cod from Newfoundland is about 1,400,000 quintals (cwts.), and the present total catch of cod in North-American waters is probably 3,850,000 quintals, or about 160,000,000 fish.

Lobster factories have been established at various points along the Newfoundland coast, though generally on what is known as the French shore, the business of canning them for export being one that is rapidly increasing. The output now is about 1,365,000 pounds annually. The lobsters are caught in baited traps, cods' heads, which are considered best for bait, being chiefly used. After being taken the lobsters are conveyed to the factories, and put alive into barrels for a few hours to harden, then they are thrown into a caldron, and when sufficiently boiled are removed, and then shelled, generally by girls. Then they are washed, and sorted into Nos. 1 and 2 qualities, and afterward boiled and hermetically sealed. Only the two large claws and part of the back are used.

Salmon and herring fishing is also followed by great numbers of the people of Newfoundland, the average annual value of pickled and fresh salmon exported being estimated at $115,000, and of herring at $370,000. Vast shoals of herring are occasionally swept by gales on the shores of Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, until they are piled upon the sand to the depth of six inches or a foot. In such cases they are frequently removed in carts, and used for manure. The value of the herrings sold for bait by the Newfoundland fishermen to American and French fishing vessels averages about $165,000 yearly.

After a bad fishing season the inhabitants of Newfoundland, depending upon the products of the sea for subsistence, suffer greatly during the severe winter months from a lack of food, clothing, and fire. Almost invariably improvident, they give but little thought to the future, and when misfortune comes, it finds them usually unprepared. At one time there was a system of government relief established, but this producing demoralizing effects, it was discontinued. Since then some of the people have cultivated the soil with a fair measure of success, and are not now so absolutely dependent on the products of the fisheries as heretofore. Last winter and on until the opening of the fishing season much want and suffering existed among the fishers on the French coast from the causes above enumerated, and often their only source of food was the deer they succeeded in shooting.

N. MACDONALD.

CONNECTICUT AVENUE.

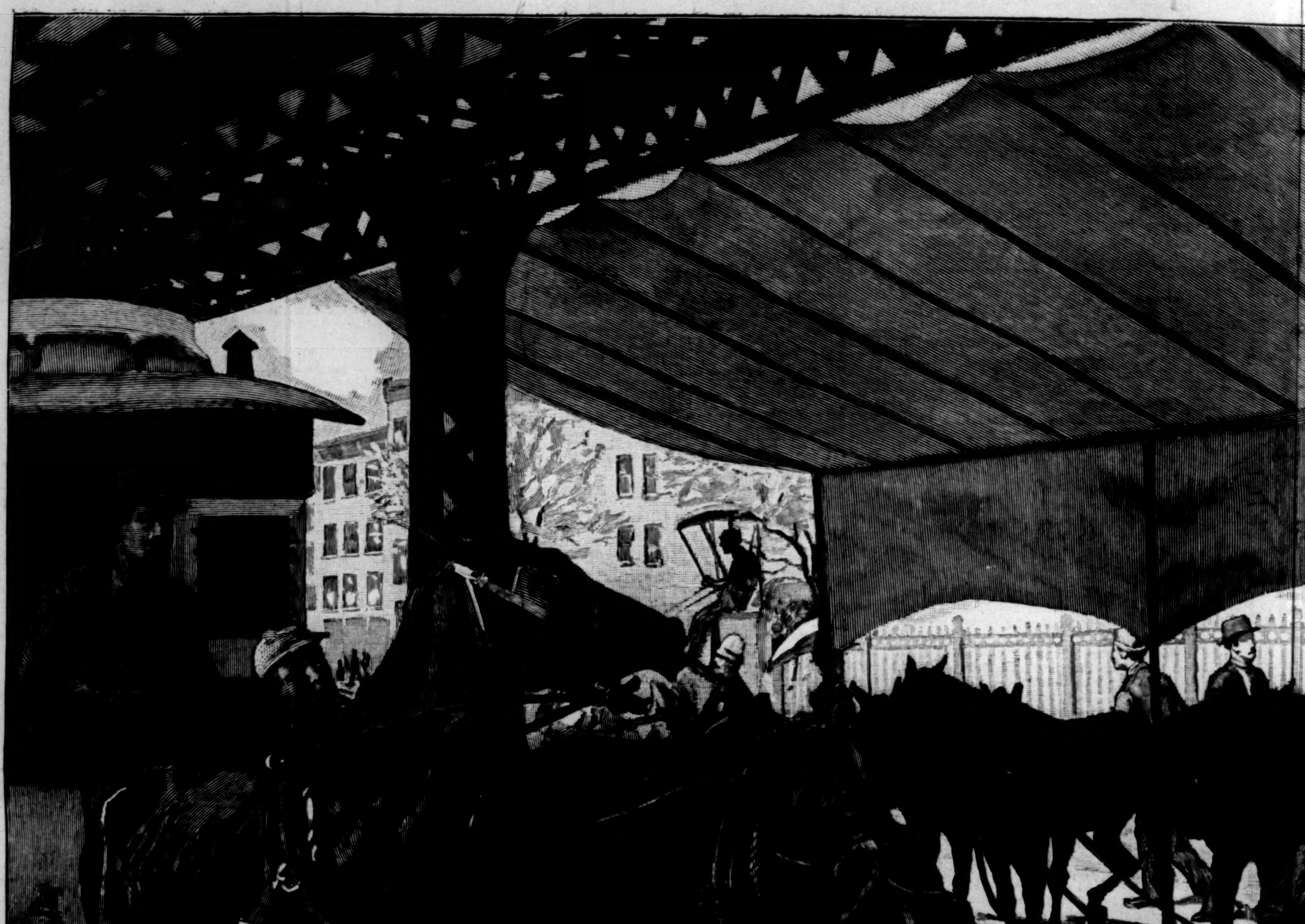
CONNECTICUT AVENUE below the Dupont Circle at P Street is the most fashionable promenade in Washington. It is one of those diagonal streets for which the capital is famous, and which are distracting to the stranger and helpful to the old resident.

It runs from Farragut Square to the Boundary through the most fashionable quarter of the town. Not many years ago it was a wretched red clay country road. Early in the century a brook ran across it through a disagreeable marsh, and the English minister, who then lived at Georgetown, was obliged to drive or ride through the water on his way to the White House or the State Department. At the present day the immediate neighborhood of the old swamp is unsightly. A very ugly Catholic protectory occupies one block. On the one below is a row of houses built by Alexander Shepherd in the days of his glory. The houses are neither comely nor well built, but they have been occupied by foreign ministers and their secretaries so long that they are generally known as Diplomatic Row. At the corner of K Street, and next to these smaller dwellings, is the large house built by Shepherd for himself. It is said to be still owned by him. It, too, has for some years been the home of a foreign minister. At first it was occupied by the Chinese legation; now it is the residence of M. de Struve, the Russian minister.

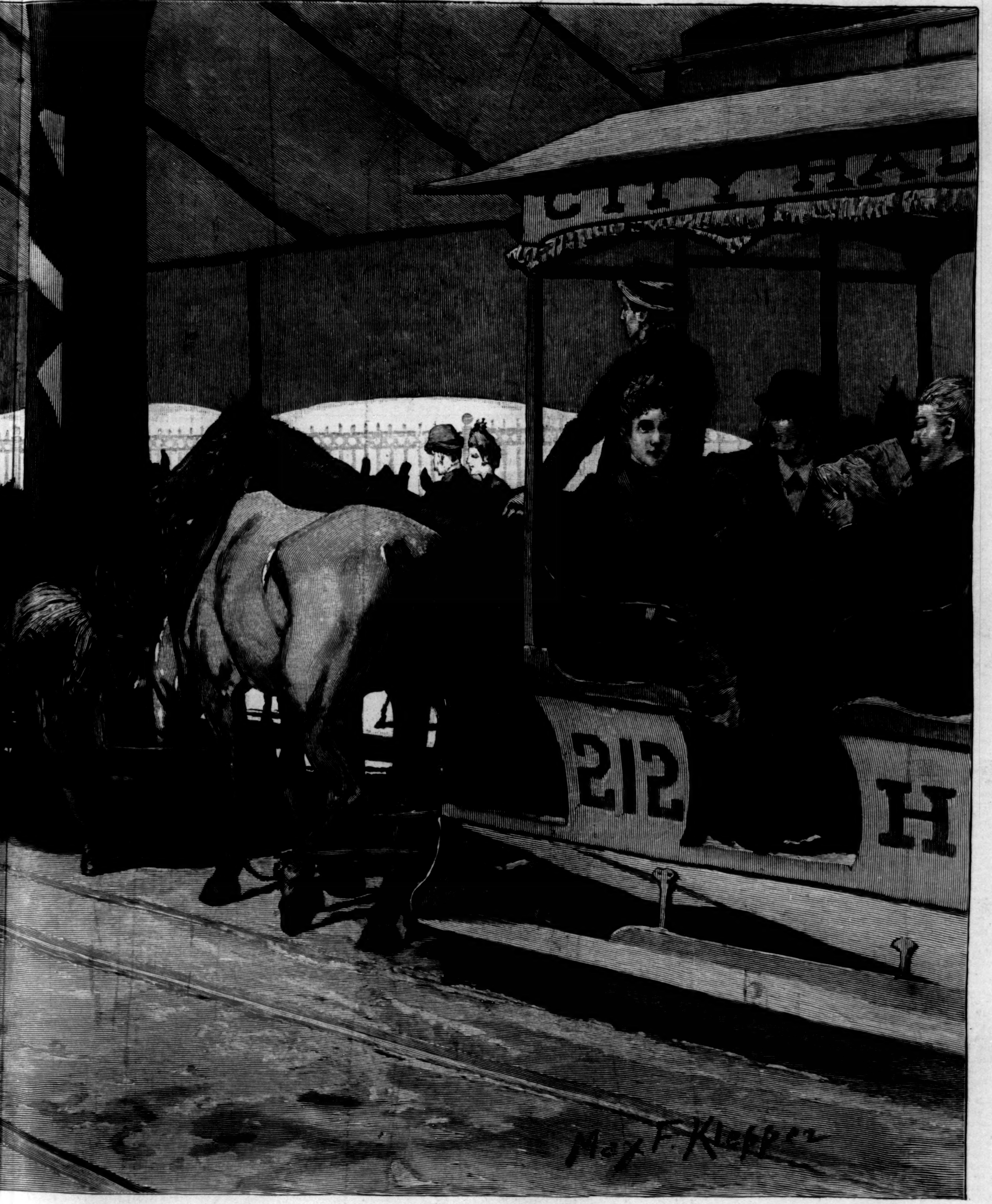
About twenty years ago the British minister made the northwest quarter of Washington fashionable by building his legation house on the corner of Connecticut Avenue and N Street. Since then the growth of that part of the city has been wonderfully rapid. It is this quarter alone which makes Washington one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

So far as Connecticut Avenue itself is concerned it is a decidedly uninteresting street south of the British legation house, but it is the thoroughfare which leads obliquely from the fashionable old part of the town on Lafayette Square—where are the Corcoran, Beale, John Hay, and Henry Adams houses, and the Metropolitan Club—to the newer part.

Therefore the avenue is the promenade of the town. This means, of course, what it means everywhere, that the fashionable people make their way through it to and from St. John's Church, or on their daily rounds as they ply the industry of visiting. On week-days one may see there, better than anywhere else, the street life of society. On Sundays the avenue is crowded with all sorts of people—visitors to the city, loiterers from the hotels, people who come to see and to be seen. And it is a gay, charming, and interesting spectacle, not cosmopolitan, but intensely national.



NINETY IN THE SHADE.—Drawn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Max F. Klepper

AWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.—[SEE PAGE 558.]

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE.

In the year 1870 Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate was thirty-eight years old. He looked very much as he does now, excepting perhaps that he was a trifle slimmer, and that he now possesses a wrinkle or two that were not in his Choate-like face in the earlier day. His hair and suggestions of side whiskers were of reddish hue. There was a genial thoughtfulness in the near-sighted eyes. Men then, as now, called him "Jo." Physically at least he has not changed much. He verifies the line of Euripides:

> "The very autumn of a form once fine
> Retains its beauties."

Not that Mr. Choate is an Alcibiades for beauty. There are hints in his face of the features of his great relative, who was not deemed a handsome man—not much handsomer than Chief-Justice Shaw, Rufus Choate's own model of a Hindoo idol, if I may be pardoned a passing allusion to that old jest which started on its fresh and vigorous career in the middle ages of New England, and is still travelling through the forensic wilderness on decrepit foot.

Mr. Choate's tall form has always had a stoop in its shoulders. In truth, he may be aptly described as "round-shouldered." Yet his locks wave gracefully, and there is the beauty of determination in his prominent chin. There is such a thing as a too prominent chin, and to some people Mr. Choate's may appear to be altogether too obtrusive. There are doubtless witnesses and opposing counsel who have for a brief and painful moment thought that. Mr. Choate's chin and the quality it expresses made up a very large and, for the moment, unpleasant part of the distinguished lawyer's person and character. The truly judicious and philosophical investigator, however, will not rest content with analysis alone. He will consider the chin in connection with other physical, intellectual, and moral traits, and he will know that whatever obstinacy Mr. Choate may have is tempered by a genial good-nature. He is to be feared by none but the wicked, in which large class is included the opposite side of the action on trial.

There are defects in Mr. Choate, as a matter of course. He is a Harvard man, but he has not the "set-up" of a modern graduate. In his day, long since gone, the course at Harvard was not what it is. If Mr. Choate had spent more of his time in a boat or on the ball-ground, and less at his desk, his walk might have gained grace at the expense of his wit. Whatever may be said of him here, however, may be easily corrected or verified by a reference to Mr. Thulstrup's admirable sketch. His is certainly a very winning and attractive personality, and those who know him are his devoted admirers.

I began with Mr. Choate at the age of thirty-eight with a purpose, for in that year a young man just admitted to the bar was sent to ask for an order, which was a matter of course, from the Judge of the Supreme Court who was sitting in Chambers. As the young man waited his turn, he saw Mr. Choate for the first time, and heard him speak a few unimportant words. As any lawyer who had gained or was gaining a reputation was of great interest to the young man at that period of his career, he spoke of Mr. Choate to his preceptor on his return to the office.

"Ah yes," said the old lawyer; "Mr. Choate is a very promising young man."

A promising young man of forty! A young man who had been at the bar for sixteen years, and in New York fourteen years! A promising boy who had attained a partnership with Mr. Evarts, who had been Attorney-General of the United States, and the guest of Charles O'Conor and other eminent lawyers of the time at a public dinner, as the leader of the bar of the Union! It was all so startling to the youth who heard that Mr. Choate's career was just beginning to be promising, that he abandoned the profession the rewards of which were so tardy.

So Mr. Choate won his way to eminence after the manner that is essential at the bar. He has come out from under the shadow of a name that still sheds lustre on the bar of Massachusetts and is one of the historic subjects of the rare old city of Salem, where our own Mr. Choate was born. It is a great achievement in this country, that of showing that one is worthy of a great name, and that if one's father or uncle had not been illustrious, the family name nevertheless would have prospered. Mr. Choate has done that abundantly, and he has been ably seconded by his brother, Judge William G. Choate, who has within a few years resigned his office as Judge of the United States District Court.

It was in Salem in 1832 that Mr. Choate was born, and he was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1852. Then, in 1854, he took his degree at the Dane Law School, and in two years more he came to New York.

From 1856 up to the present time he has been a citizen of the metropolis; for much of the time he has been "one of our leading citizens," taking that share in our public affairs which comes within the duties of good citizenship. He has not been a politician, although he is a consistent, or rather persistent, member of the Republican party.

It was not long before Mr. Choate's name became associated with that of Mr. Evarts, and there it has remained through many years of otherwise changing partnerships. In that great inroad of New England into the Dutch metropolis, whose tide was strongest somewhere about the middle of the century, New York received no more interesting invaders than the two prominent members of the great law firm.

In the days before the war law offices were not co-operative shops. To-day, if one needs a legal adviser or defender, he goes to a large establishment, which is to the law office of a generation ago what Macy's or Wanamaker's is to the dry-goods store or haberdashery of Mr. Choate's first days in New York. The number of names on the sign of one of these modern law establishments are so many that they would bewilder the old-fashioned lawyers like William Curtis Noyes, or Bronson, or Butler. Even Charles O'Conor might be startled out of that placid propriety which indicated that, after the code, no idiosyncrasy of the human mind could astonish him. When one enters into the long entrance hall of such a place, he is in a busy factory. Innumerable young men and boys sit at small desks; some of them railed in, as if in aid of the secrets with which they are charged. These young men keep the consciences and the registers of their employers, inform the humble client of the condition of his case, and permit or refuse him an interview with one of the chiefs.

The chiefs have comfortable apartments behind ground-glass doors, on which their names are painted like this: "Mr. Brief," "Mr. Precedent," "Mr. Puff," etc. If one is of any importance, an astute clerk discovers what particular kind of law he wants, and introduces him into the department which is presided over by the gentleman who has charge of that part of the stock.

This was not the kind of the law office that young Mr. Choate entered when he came to the city. In that day the profession of law was not so business-like as it is now, and lawyers were more in evidence. They had a show part in the life of the community. If Mr. Choate had postponed his birthday for a matter of twenty years he might have been a most acute conductor of corporations through statutory morasses, and he might not have developed the fine intellectual qualities the constant exercise and display of which make him one of the city's public characters.

It was when Mr. Evarts was Andrew Johnson's Attorney-General that Mr. Choate began to be talked of by the profession, and to begin those appearances in court which have constituted his almost constant occupation ever since. It is so many years since Mr. Choate began to be regarded hopefully by his seniors and admiringly by his juniors that he seems to be a public figure of long standing. But he is not. Twenty years ago there were rumors of his wit and cunning among the merchants who took their troubles to the office of Mr. Evarts; but a lawyer must have many years of professional fame before he sees the faces of the public upturned to him.

That once little band of refugees from New England known as the New England Society, now grown so enormous as to overshadow the rival society of the descendants of the natives of the town, was almost the first to make Mr. Choate prominent as one whose wit did not rest alone upon statutes and precedents. His partner, Mr. Evarts, had been president of the society in 1858, and Mr. Choate was made president in 1867. Before then he had displayed a wit which endangered the laurels of his great associate. One jest of all that he uttered at the annual dinners still wanders down the corridors of time. It was that in which he celebrated the Pilgrim Mothers as worthier of affectionate memory than the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear with the hardships that oppressed the Fathers, but with the Pilgrim Fathers besides.

Before and after Mr. Choate's presidency he suffered the martyrdom and enjoyed the triumphs of a great after-dinner speaker. And great, indeed, he was. To those who were not of that ancient time, and who look at Mr. Choate from anything but an after-dinner point of view, it is necessary to say that once, long before we had successful comic papers, this severe trier of causes furnished much of the town's wit. When Mr. Depew was scarcely heard of outside of the business sphere on whose distant verge he was beginning to circle, and when Mr. Coudert was not dreamed of, except as a careful manager of the affairs of French clients, Mr. Choate was confidently regarded as the post-prandial successor of Mr. Evarts, whose famous wit has given him a perennial reputation of which even a term in the United States Senate has not been able to deprive him.

Mr. Choate has responded to every kind of toast of which the wit of man has conceived, and at nearly every kind of dinner at which a Latin quotation is appreciated or in fashion. As Mr. Evarts once said at a Yale dinner, that President Woolsey and he doubtless knew more Greek than any other two alumni of Yale, so more than one famous after-dinner speaker of to-day may say that there is more literary flavor about the oratory of Mr. Choate and himself than about that of any other two speakers of the time.

But Mr. Choate abandoned the pursuit of wit as an avocation many years ago. It is true that he is sometimes heard from, but on special occasions only. Gregarious diners cease to ask him for their entertainment, *pour faciliter la digestion*. He has had a more serious task to do in the world. Whatever induced him to turn his back upon the town's banquet halls, and to hide away in the solemn shades of the law courts, would doubtless be difficult to find out.

At the first Republican Convention to nominate candidates for the Court of Appeals under the existing judiciary article of the Constitution, one of the delegates from New York city was very eager to secure the nomination of Mr. William G. Choate. This delegate was an old-fashioned lawyer whose reputation extended through the State, and he thought that Mr. William G. Choate was not only a promising young man—he is two years older than his brother—but that he was one of the soundest lawyers and most judicious men he had met with in the course of a long practice. So he urged his nomination; but in doing so he ran across this objection, gravely propounded by a thinker from the classic shades of central New York, "Hasn't he a little too much facility as an after-dinner speaker?"

Whether or not Mr. Choate ever heard of this, I do not know. At any rate, he has not been for a long time, though not from that time, giving his facility very much practice.

It may be said that Mr. Choate made his first serious public appearance in 1871. He was one of the leaders in the citizens' revolt against the Tweed Ring. He helped to draw and he reported the resolutions adopted by the great Cooper Union meeting of that year. He was thirty-nine years old then, and was therefore getting on in his career with some degree of rapidity. Young men matured more slowly then than now. In a similar emergency in this year of grace Mr. Choate might be again asked to draw the resolutions, and some one of thirty-nine would make the principal speech. However, now as then, it would doubtless be the old lawyer who would be appointed to take charge of the prosecution. Although Mr. Choate did begin young, his appearances in political affairs have been spasmodic. He is evidently not a seeker after the honors of public life, although when he becomes rich enough he may be willing to decorate his career with a Senatorship. He has presided and spoken at mass-meetings of his party, to which he has been faithful no matter who may have been the boss. It is really that fidelity alone which suggests that he may one day desire to enter public life. He helps along municipal movements with his presence and his word. He takes an interest in what is uppermost for the moment. Private and public charities have his sympathy and his active aid. He does what he can for his *alma mater* at Cambridge. Those who are fighting the evils of their time, seeking to reform their fellows, are always sure of a helping hand from Mr. Choate. In a word, he is a thoroughly good and distinguished citizen. He does not startle the community with *critic* utterances, but he is sound and wise and conservative. The only recent speech of his which has excited any considerable criticism was that in which he talked about newspapers rather more like a counsel with a brief than like one from whom a judicial opinion was expected.

There is no doubt of Mr. Choate's position at the bar. He is one of the foremost advocates of his time. He would doubtless be an admirable *nisi prius* judge, but no one would think of burying his bright and shining talents in the bench. Fancy having lost the forensic displays of Rufus Choate by compelling him to deliver opinions on questions of law! We all know that during the years when he was in the enjoyment of political and professional preferment that the world was losing just so much of the delights of Erskine's genius.

Not that Mr. Joseph Choate is Rufus Choate or Lord Erskine. He is a good deal more modern. He may be said to be essentially and entirely modern. He tries a case in the business-like way of his generation. The difference between the old bar and the new is as wide as that between the poetry of Spenser and that of Edmund Waller. The imagery which won verdicts from the juries of the last century and the early part of this has no place in the court-room of this precise age, which wants its poetry and its business separate. The poor surviving remnant of the eloquence of the earlier bar is to be found in the bathos of the criminal courts.

When one who is familiar with Mr. Choate's manner in the trial of the case writes of him, there is invariably mentioned a number of coins with which this most astute of cross-examiners plays as he puts his soothing but entrapping questions. I seem to recall also a bit of string which used to figure in the performance in the same manner as the coins do now. But whether he plays with coins or strings, Mr. Choate certainly plays most delightfully with a witness. The wit which once used to aid the digestion of our city's diners now plays about the heads of witnesses and counsel. When Mr. Choate appears in court it is a lawyers' holiday, and it is an entertainment for all except those who suffer. He has been the prominent figure in many great cases. He was Cesnola's counsel in his contest concerning the genuineness of the antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum. He was General Fitz-John Porter's lawyer before the court-martial which reversed the sentence of guilty passed upon him during the hot days of war. He was counsel for the heirs in the great Stewart will case. He is counsel now for the Tammany chieftains who are undergoing investigation by their Republican opponents. There are few celebrated causes in which his services are not demanded by one side or the other. He is, in short, one of the two or three leading advocates of the country, and, in some cases, he is easily first.

It is 1890 now, and he has fulfilled the promise of 1870.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

HOLLYHOCKS.

The hot days fold spring's tender petals down,
But even while we say, "The blooms are done,"
Lo! through the tangled gardens cometh one
Clad, all unconscious, in her quaint old gown.
Perchance the old-time days we might forget
If hollyhocks ne'er set themselves ablow—
Ne'er like old dames and squires moved to and fro
In stately measures of the minuet.
Now art thou welcome, O thou old-time bloom,
Thou and thy friend, the fennel at thy side,
Our hearts like those in oldern times are wide,
And in this new-day summer is there room;
So let the old flowers and the new join hands
In happy gardens through the waiting lands.

Lucy E. Tilley.

NINETY IN THE SHADE.

A little more than a week ago the humorists of the New York press were busily engaged in chaffing Chicago on the season of extreme heat the city by the lake at that time was undergoing, their wit, real or supposed, having reference to the locating of the Columbian World's Fair at that point. This flood of sardonic merriment was brought to an abrupt close by the sudden descent upon Gotham of a day in which the mercury in many shaded places rose to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

It is not very safe for any large American city—east of the Rocky Mountains at least—to indulge in crowing over her sisters in the matter of summer temperature. The thermometer seems to be independent of parallels of latitude, and there are times when New Orleans can offer relief to the temporarily baked citizens of St. Paul. The ocean favors its Eastern coast greatly more than it does its Western, both in summer and in winter, and thus leaves our Atlantic seaboard open at times to experiences that apparently should be reserved exclusively for the tropics. This condition of things has its serious aspect, for there is an incalculable tax on human energy and life force involved in it. Some individuals have even rashly gone so far as to maintain that, owing to the extremes of our climate, the Caucasian race could not exist here for many generations without a constant flow of strengthening blood from abroad. They point to, among other things, an alleged increase in neurotic affections on the part of members of old American families, and to the small number of their children, as facts to sustain their proposition. There are not enough substantial data to cause any serious alarm on this point; but on a hot day in the city the philosophical person is led to think that there is something in his environment which the average white man is not adapted to.

The summer exodus speaks for itself, yet large as it is, the great mass of the urban population remain at home during the heated term, finding relief as best they may. There is discomfort, suffering, and increased mortality. In the tenement-house region the situation is one that appeals strongly to human sympathy, and not altogether in vain. Fresh air funds and kindred charities may as yet be but drops in the bucket to what is needed, but they are signally beneficent as far as they go. Something has also been done by the institution of new parks to enlarge the breathing space, and provision has been made for more of them. The fleets of cheap excursions which daily leave the docks, though their usefulness is often marred by the indiscriminate sale of liquor, doubtless do much good in the conservation of vitality. Slowly but surely the attention given to sanitary matters is growing. Great as the room is for further progress, civilization is unmistakably advancing in the amelioration of the evil conditions that prevail in the too thickly populated parts of our cities.

A beginning has been made in New York in the establishment of drinking fountains, at which those on the highway may quench their thirst. These are yet comparatively few in number, but, fortunately, much more ample provision has been made for horses. For their benefit there have been erected in the streets by public and private agencies some one hundred and fifty troughs, and the extent to which they are used in these days attest their value and the need of multiplying them. Besides giving some attention to this subject, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are acting for the interests of horses generally, and at the present season are more than ordinarily useful. They have a force of ten men engaged at points where their services are most called upon for the prevention of abuse, and would have many more if they had the money wherewith to pay their wages. The demand for humane work of this kind is evident. The report was recently telegraphed from Chicago that horses were dying so fast in the streets there from overwork in the heat that the authorities did not command the means to remove their bodies with the necessary promptness.

Most of the New York street car companies have established relief stations for their animals along their routes. The double-page illustration in the present issue of the Weekly represents one of these on the Third

Avenue line at the little park just below Cooper Institute. Here the passing horses are watered, and where a change of team seems called for, relays standing beneath the shade of a canvas at the curb supply it. The lot of the car horse is a hard one at best, and the hotter the weather, the more work he has to do, as people then are less inclined to walk. It is comforting to reflect that his career in New York will doubtless soon be ended, and that the wearing out of his bone and muscle before their time in the coining of street railway dividends will stop. Next year the scene on Third Avenue presented in the picture will probably not be repeated, as the cars may then be drawn by cable. A similar change is to be made on the great Broadway line, and steam or electric power will at no very distant date be adopted by all the corporations of the kind in the city.

LONDON STREET SCENES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE thing that most astonished me about London, and that I had been least prepared to see there, was the amazing activity in the streets. A New-Yorker born and bred, who has seen the principal American cities, fancies that there can be nothing in the world like Fulton Street and Broadway. But after one hour on foot in London he will regard that heart of New York's traffic much as a turbulent old sailor I heard of regarded a twenty-two-calibre revolver. "What are you going to do with that pea-shooter?" he asked. "Nobody would be afraid of that. Stand off a bit and fire at me a few times till I see what it will do. Now, if you happened to have a knife about you and felt sassy, I'd feel afraid of you."

London is full of Fulton Streets and Broadways, and at them and in all the other streets the cabs and hansoms fly about in such a hot and apparently reckless way that I always felt while I was there that the only reason I did not read of a hundred thousand "run-over" accidents every morning in the papers was that it would be doing violence to the organic principles of the London press to print the news. I confess I was more than half afraid to cross the crowded streets, and with a fear which is engendered in New York in few places and on few occasions. I was assured by the citizens that they are all so accustomed to project their coat tails at right angles to their bodies, and to invoke divine aid between the flying hoofs of horses, whenever they need to cross a street, that they are as adept at it as an American lightning-rod man is at dodging missiles. Yet I observed that Dickens, in his *Dictionary of London*, thinks it worth while to suggest that the only way to go from curb to curb is to make up your mind what course you will take and then stick to it, because then the London cabbies will divine your intentions. To change your mind while *en route* is to confuse the cabmen, and cause you to make your return journey to America in the form of freight. Then, again, I found that in the western end of the Strand—that is, down by Temple Bar and the Law Courts—200 more or less mangled bodies are sent to the Charing Cross Hospital every year.

They have so many police in London (14,173 in the district and 1000 in the City) that in the busy parts the policemen stand in the streets to direct the traffic and protect the people. The streets, narrow as most of them are, are dotted with "islands," or refuges made by setting up an oval platform of granite blocks in the middle of the roadways, each with four or more stout iron posts to ward wagons off, and with a lamp-post in the middle. The journey across a street, therefore, is made in two stages—first to an island, and then to the other side of the way. Close to these islands the police stand; and never will you see anything more nearly perfect than the manner—the fearless, confident manner—in which these policemen control the myriad flying vehicles. Again and again I have seen a policeman step into the very thick of a desperate rushing mass of horses and cabs, and master it as easily as you could turn the button of an electric light. You would as soon think of stepping upon the edge of Niagara Falls as of doing what these men do ten thousand times a day in London. They see a lady trying to cross a street, and a double avalanche of cabs, hansoms, and wagons bearing down on her like two land-slides at once, and they step into the middle of it, and raise one hand. That is all. The horses, whose breaths fan their backs, thrust out their forelegs and stop as if they were in New York, and a high-tension wire had fallen across their backs. So do the horses in front of them. One thinks less of that escapade of the chosen between the divided waters of the Red Sea every time he witnesses this act by a London policeman.

I have told how long-legged the poor bobbies look making their piteous appeal to the crown for three inches more cloth on the tails of their coats, but I want to say again that I like them immensely. If I chanced to know a fairy more potent than my pen—a real old Original Jacobs of a fairy—and she should ask me what one thing I would bring back to New York that the people might arise and call me blessed, I do not know whether I would ask for the English jealousy of individual rights, which is at the bottom of their good police force, or whether I would run no risk, and ask for the police outright, to take the place of the bullying, swaggering, club-and-pistol-bolstered bluecoats of New York, whom I have always considered almost as dangerous as the classes they are to protect us against. It is growing yearly more and more difficult to get on the London force. A man must be physically perfect to get there. He must not have even so slight a defect as a flat foot if he hopes to succeed. The police pay seems small to us, though an American has no conception how far money will go in a country where a man's own labor is not almost the only "unprotected" commodity. The London policeman gets twenty-four shillings to begin with, then twenty-seven shillings a week, and in eight years this is raised to thirty shillings, or $7.50, a week. The superintendent gets eight pounds, which, at the current rate of exchange, is $38.80 a week, and it would have done the reader good to see the mouth and eyes a bobby made over this sum as he mentioned it. They all look forward to retirement on a pension; perhaps while many are at middle age and able to start in trade.

A foreigner does not have to know London as he does an American city, in order to go about in it. All that is necessary is to know where you want to go, and then to tell a cabman or ask a policeman. There are 14,000 cabs, and the fare is sixpence a mile, though Americans pay twice the fare, as a rule, to avoid disputes, and then regard it as cheap. In the main, the drivers rent their vehicles at $2.50 a day for "four-wheelers," and $4.50 to $5.25 a day for hansoms. They have to "hustle" to get their money back. The police cost a stranger nothing, yet they are always at his service, painstaking in directing him to an address, often walking with him, answering every possible inquiry civilly. They have much to do with making London the pleasure resort that it is.

I say that it costs nothing to employ them. They will take a tip if you offer it, however, and with the customary European grace. Who will not take one over there? At the end of my first month in London I wrote home, "I have not yet tipped the Duke of Buccleuch or the Lord Mayor." But up to that time I had not met either of those gentlemen.

It is an unwise assertion to make within the hearing of a town already so vain as Boston, but the first thing that struck me about London was that it reminds one of Boston. It is hard to say how or why. Certainly it is not a resemblance suggested by the newer parts of Boston; but there was something in the atmosphere and tone and style of the whole of London as I rode and walked about it the first few days that called to mind the capital of Massachusetts. I thought it lay in the modesty of the buildings and the quietly solid air of the two cities; in those qualities that impress a visitor without any effort after effect. But I know now that the true resemblance was in the very essence and spirit that comes of Boston's never having been anything but English until she became American. It is an essence so diluted and often thwarted and defeated in our other large cities that one must go to old Boston—that portion of the business part which was not destroyed by the great fire—to see it in America.

But, jostling my first impressions, was a train of thought that flowed from seeing, ten minutes after I reached London, a little house in the middle of a street and a swinging pole wherewith to close the street, and on the house a sign announcing that this street was the private property of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, and that it was open to the public only so long as the duke graciously permitted it. That aroused all my republicanism. I spoke of it to many Englishmen. Those in London said that they, too, considered it an outrageous though a logical result of large private ownership in land, and that the new business-like County Council which has succeeded the old Board of Works will effect an arrangement with the duke whereby this irritating first symptom to American and other eyes of the inequality of Europeans will disappear. When I spoke of this sign to people in Birmingham, they said that if it was in that city there would be a riot over it. And they added this queer thing that most of us did not know: "We do not see in the provincial cities of England anything like as much of nobility as you do in New York. Some of us have a local lord; some of us not one. If he is an amiable old fellow we treat him accordingly, the little time we see him. London is the head-quarters of all the nobles. Our people know little of their titled classes except from reading of them; and we have little sympathy with them. A city like Birmingham or Sheffield is almost as democratic in its atmosphere as if it were in America." It was an officer of the crown and a world-famous Englishman who said this, by-the-way.

London is too big and makes too many impressions for it to be reasonable to try to set them all down here. After living in it six weeks, and either walking or riding all about it day and night during that time, I remember it as possessing in the most remarkable degree that mysterious magnetism that great massings of men generate. It is a heavy, absolutely unpretentious, sober, business-like, practical, and almost rude city. Its public statues and ornaments, instead of brightening their localities, are not only cumbrous, but are apt to be depressing. Yet the city fascinates a visitor, and its wonders grow upon him as no New-Yorker would ever believe possible until he has been there. I am not going to say that it has 7000 miles of streets, and spreads fifteen miles in every direction from Charing Cross, and boasts a million street lights, and contains more Catholics than Rome, and Scotchmen than Edinburgh. That is understood. But what have not been so often set forth, it seems to me, are the little every-day, on-every-block things about it, and the effects of all its peculiarities and commonplaces upon the American mind. As one must have a point of attack, let us begin by walking about and noticing the street scenes.

The streets themselves are nearly all as well made as is possible. Nearly all are of asphalt or upturned blocks of wood like what we call "the Nicholson patent" here, though built very expensively and enduringly, being arched or bowed from one curb to the middle and down to the other curb. Some of the streets and roads are macadamized, and a few are of Belgian blocks or cobblestones—a very few; relics of barbarism. One consequence of the possession of fine streets (and few horse-cars) is that London is the quietest large city I was ever in. The Londoners talk a great deal about its noise, and poetize about "the roar of London," but only because they have never been to New York. I actually found one Londoner living down a little lane in a rear building close to Regent Street, "to get away from the noise so as to sleep at night"; but to me London was like a village at night; and in more respects than by reason of its quietness.

Night after night in my room in the Victoria I sat up pen in hand, hearing only a hushed sound of distant vehicles now and then, or, at every hour, the strokes of Big Ben, followed by a silvery chime, and then by the notes of other softened bells, taking up one another's faint warning, until Bow's bell, or some other not so far away, came meekly at the tail of all the rest, and—smile if you will—there was wafted in at my window the breath of fresh-cut hay and of flowers, and a hint of the balmy odor of trees. Right there in the heart of the greatest city the world ever knew! For on one side of me was the river and the Thames Embankment, with its trees and grass, and close by was a series of great parks, by which a man might walk in London three miles and a half, and always beneath trees and beside grass. Ah! those were great vacation nights—grand nights for resting; and if I shall carry to my grave any joyous recollections of sensuous influences of the past, one will be of the perfect nights of London—of the city's sweet night breath, and its burthen of silvery chimes and softened clock strokes.

As for the crowds in London, they are endless. It seems to be a city with fifty Broadways and a dozen business centres. If you go by cab or 'bus from the Whitechapel district, or better yet, from Greenwich, all the way to Bayswater—miles and miles away—you will find occasional breaks in the line of shops, but not in the ceaseless quadruple procession of people, and you will come to one after another congestion of traffic and shopping, until your mind, comprehending that you have had but a taste of London, will grow bewildered in the endeavor to realize its extent. You will see that it is a city made up of cities, each with its own shopping district, its own theatres and churches and residence parts, its own population, and its own style or tone.

The people do not look greatly unlike our own. There are types among them that we seldom see, and the majority are not so carefully or well dressed as our majorities in American cities. But it is the language they speak that is foreign. It is not our English at all. It is not spoken in the tone of voice we use. The best discussion upon this subject I heard was among musicians, and they said that the English voice is nearly a tone lower than ours, and that the Englishman produces every sentence in a monotone that ends with a higher note; that is to say, that an English sentence is uttered like the blade of a Holland skate, in a long straight bar with a curl at the end. However, not alone in that respect, but in the use or choice of words, and in the pronunciation of them, they make a language that sounds very strange to an American, who hears six millions of them at it in London. The educated English women, by-the-way, talk liquid music. It must be a queer taste that covets a male Briton the twist of his tongue, but no one who loves music can help being delighted with the bell-like, silvery melody of the talk of the better classes of English women.

The sidewalks, which are called "pavements," are like ours. The street lamps are very much taller, and have one long thin ladder rest at one side under the lamp. The letter-boxes are things apart—large iron cylinders called pillar posts. The letter-carriers wear soldier caps and blue sack-coats, with red collars. The mail wagons are absurd looking red boxes on wheels, with "V. R." on each side of each box in gold. You see carts loaded with great cakes of something white like lime—cakes the size and shape of raisin boxes—and you learn that it is salt. Coal is carted about in sooty sacks loaded into sprawling black wagons. Soldiers are as common to the view as foreign names on Broadway signs. There is almost always a soldier about, no matter where you are. And he is ever as jaunty and picturesque as we noted him at Liverpool. His little cap is always balanced on one ear, his chin is always carried well up, his coat is ever too short, and he is never seen without a stick. Believing it is well to find out what one does not know, I asked a soldier why they all carried these little canes the size of mop sticks, and he said it was an army regulation. Every now and then in London you come across soldiers with guns at shoulder-arm performing sentry duty on the sidewalks, or standing grimly in queer little sentry-boxes on the pavements. You inquire why that is, and learn that you are opposite the War Office, or St. James's, or Buckingham Palace, or Marlborough House, where the Prince of Wales lives. But the prettiest of all those sights is the one at the Horse Guards, where the sentries are splendid fellows in steel helmets and breast-plates astride glossy black horses that stand almost like statues in niches in the wall, and always, mind you, with a lot of gabies staring at them.

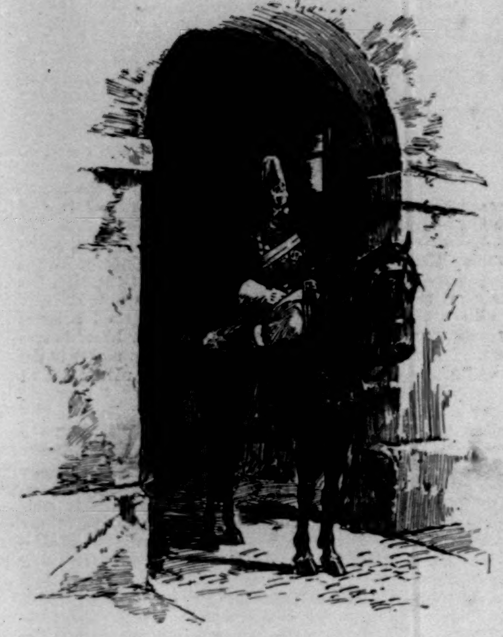
You notice a great many Italians in the streets, and see, with regret, that they are twenty times as showily dressed there as in New York. There the women have brilliant yellow headkerchiefs and gorgeous bodices and gay outer petticoats that make our Mulberry Street Italians tame by contrast. They do in London what they do in New York—grind organs, sell fruit, gather rags, and sing about the streets. But one of them will make a London block gay with color. Hand-organs are common there. The most rampant and extraordinary ones, that startle the air with the eccentricities of their music, the people say are American. But there are many sorts of street musicians that we do not see—negro minstrels in grotesque costumes, girls who play upon upright pianos trundled about on wheels by ponies, hurdy-gurdy men, and queer delighters of infancy who play a dozen noisy instruments at once by conjoint use of their elbows, knees, hands, mouths, and feet.

The milk business is peculiar. The milk carts are apt to be little things that remind you of a jaunting cart filled with fanciful milk cans. The milkman goes over a part of his route with a peculiar cry, and then stops his cart and goes back over it, filling the cans that have been put out by reason of his alarum. The shoeblacks are peculiar also. Charitable societies care for a great number of the boys, and uniform them. One costume that grows familiar to you consists of a red Canton flannel jacket and a blue cap with a red stripe and brass numerals on it. These societies clothe and feed the boys, and bank their savings for them.

There is an uncommon number of churches in London; they are marvellously common objects. They are almost all stone, and railed in with granite posts and iron fences. Two things about the Episcopal churches (which are in the majority) strike an American as peculiar. One is that fire apparatus is often stored in the little enclosures, so that up against a dingy church wall you see a bright red ladder or a flaming tool or hose cart. The fire ladders are on wheels. Churchyards are sometimes regular fire stations, and in such cases a red lantern is hung on the railings at night with the words "Fire Station" glaring in its lighted front. The other peculiar thing about the churches is that public notices and placards are posted on the doors and railings. There you read the tax ratings for the parish, and that marriage licenses are obtainable somewhere on the premises, and that men are wanted for the army, and stokers will get good pay in the navy. In these notices the branch of the public service that calls for recruits usually posts a colored picture of the uniform of that wing of the service, chromos that are intended to look very alluring. We Americans are reminded by this treatment of the houses of worship that perhaps it was not so strange, after all, for the British to use the churches in New York and Boston for garrisons and prisons, and whatever else they needed them for during the Revolutionary war. Where church and state are joined, the state puts the meeting-houses to its own uses.

The streets of London are all regularly and very distinctly marked, with extra large signboards on the houses. Very often these signs tell where a street leads to besides giving its name. It would require a whole chapter to tell how peculiar the names often are. We have all heard of many odd ones: Piccadilly, Bull and Mouth Street, Threadneedle Street, Pall Mall, etc. Queer as the names are, they all came logically and naturally. But the oddest signs are those that give the names of the bar-rooms, or "pubs," as the people call them. I remember such ones as "The World Turned Upside Down," "King Lud," "His Lordship's Larder," "The Cock," "The Hen and Chickens," "The Old Black Jack," The Nell Gwynne," "The Cheshire Cheese." But the list comprises thousands upon thousands of names, for every tavern has its title.

The other signs are almost as interesting and strange to an American. Livery stables often show the words, "Job and Fly Master." What we call gentlemen's furnishing stores are distinguished by the signs "Hosier and Glover," or "Outfitters," or "Haberdasher." Hardware stores carry the sign word "Ironmonger." If you look in at a baker's window, you will see the dishes of cakes and pastry bearing such names as these on little cards: "Banbury Buns," "Eccles Cakes," "Madeira Cakes," "Anise Cakes," "Short Bread," "Sally-lunns," and "Scones." In the confectionery stores you see such names as "Rocks," "Jujubes," "Voice Lozenges," and a dozen

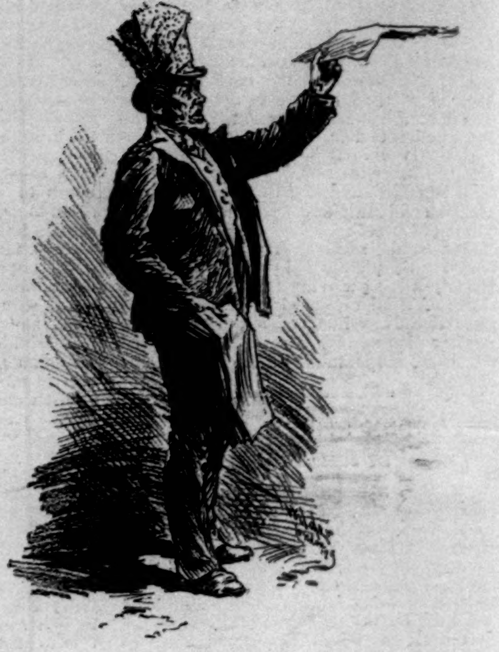


THE HORSE-GUARD.

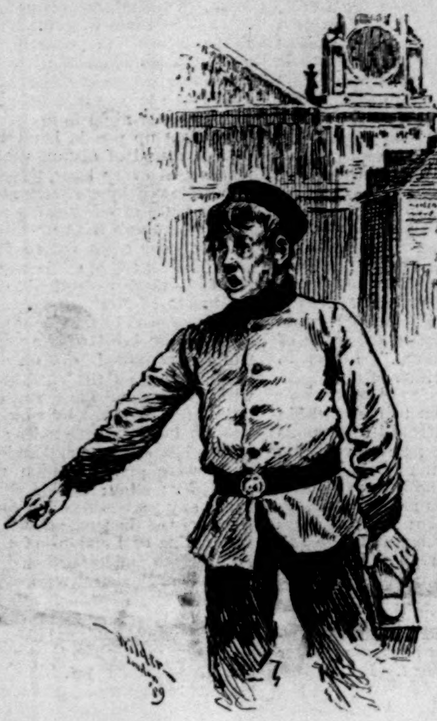
other names unfamiliar to our eyes and ears. The houses are practically all smaller than ours. There are fewer buildings for special purposes than we exhibit in our cities, so that it seems nine-tenths of the time that the stores are in made-over dwellings. Everywhere that you go the roof line is very low, except in Northumberland Avenue, where the big new hotels and clubs are. It is a three-story city—a city of modest little houses, two-thirds brick and one-third stucco painted drab. It is all smoke-grimed, but you never notice the grime until you see the public buildings. Then you are startled. You are startled at seeing St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey and the squat Bank of England all black with soot, except at their tops, where the stone-work stands out mysteriously clean and clear. Nobody but a Philadelphian would have London otherwise, though. The smoke has a softening touch and reverential effect. Even the new Law Courts at Temple Bar look as if Julius Cæsar had painted them black, and the paint still clings to the crannies and the lower stories. It is dirty. Yes, it is decidedly dirty; the dirtiest kind of dirt; but it is picturesque, like a ragged beggar in Spain; and, after all, if you are going abroad to see old things, it's just as well to have even the newest buildings look like Methuselah; and unfinished walls resemble ruins.

You realize that it is dirty when you discover that you must wash your hands six times a day, and keep taking off black collars and putting on white ones whenever you reach your hotel. And, by-the-way, if you turn into the toilet-room of your hotel or any one's else, you will be apt to see a notice there that "the charge for the use of this room is 2 pence." There is a bowl already filled with warm water (you must use warm water in London, and whenever you get up in the morning you ring for it, and it comes beside your door in a tin thing like a stunted watering-pot with the sieve taken off the spout)—there is the bowl all ready, and at the right moment an old pensioner hands you a towel. Afterward he brushes your clothes. It would be a grand thing for us men in America if we could feel that we could buy the right to go into a hotel and freshen up, instead of walking in quietly as we do now when we are far from home and our toilet needs attention. However, they have lived longer over there, and are more at home on this earth than we are, so that they know enough to charge you for nearly everything you have, even for paper and pens and ink in some English towns. And in France, where civilization is yet a shade older, they give you things you don't want on purpose to charge you for them, and if you won't have them, that not being their fault, they charge you just the same. We will get to the same stage here in America some day when life ceases to be a frolic and living has become a science.

I think it is fair to say that we would consider the finest shopping street in London second-class if it were in New York. Howell & James's would look well here, but Peter Robinson's and Whiteley's and the rest are behind our age. The great Army and Navy Co-operative Stores up beyond Westminster Abbey are in a noble building, but it is rather like a club-house or public building than a store. Even when the London stores are not small, they are apt to be in many small buildings, and the men who keep them have not the art of pretence, if I may coin a phrase, as we have. That is true of all London. It is all heavy and inartistic. But in the case of London you feel that it does not need an Eiffel Tower, or a lot of fourteen-story buildings, or gorgeous art-gallery bar-rooms, to give it notability. Yet the shops are very interesting. Their windows are so heaped with goods that one may delight himself for weeks with lounging along and looking at them. And the city is big enough to support very queer shops. I remember one whose window contains half a ton of second-hand stones out of fob seals and rings. There is a whole street full of second-hand book-stores. There are old curiosity shops without number, and I recall a shop for the engraving of heraldic devices, with its windows full of coats of arms; also a whole stretch of blocks of shops for the sale of cast-off jewelry, that would make a collector or an artist cry with impatience to be rich. But there are few such stores as we have on Broadway, Twenty-third Street, Sixth Avenue, or Fourteenth Street in London, and there are no streets like Wall Street or Broadway or Broad Street. Upper Eighth Avenue would not look amiss in London, or the Bowery if it was greatly narrowed. They have a great fashion of hanging lamps outside their stores and saloons, upon pipes that curve up or down. And these are needed at night; for although the English regard our use of electricity as profligate, we would call London very dark.



THE FLY-PAPER MAN.

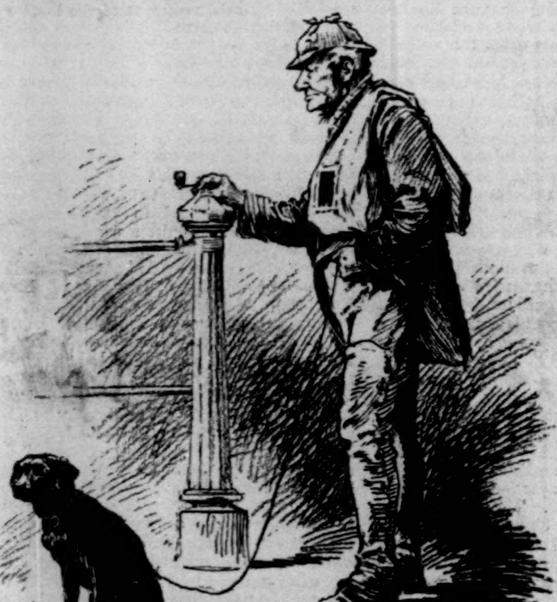


A BOOT-BLACK.

The majority of the hotels are very modest buildings; but the newer ones, the Savoy, Métropole, Victoria, and Grand, are larger and finer than most of our large hotels, and it seems to me they are much more costly than the best we have in New York. Of them and the restaurants, more anon. The so-called gin palaces are no palaces at all. The Hanoverians who used to be our corner grocers at the close of the war, and who, having to choose between liquor selling and grocery dealing, opened the gorgeous beer saloons of Third, Sixth, and Eighth avenues, would turn up their noses at the London dram-shops, and never would dream of calling them palaces. They are oftenest on the street corners there as here.

There is a wider difference between the London drug-stores and ours. There is no such craze for patent medicines there as here, and there is nothing like the American inclination for every man to be his own doctor. An English druggist sells face powder, cologne, soap, tooth-brushes, patent pills, and the like; but his main business is putting up prescriptions. He has no *clientèle* of men who drop in for a little aromatic spirits of ammonia after a night of dissipation, or for acid phosphate after too much smoking, or for tincture of iron and so many grains of quinine, or a glass of Calisaya for a tonic, or a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to offset too hearty or rich a meal. All that which so enriches our druggists is unknown in England. The Americans in London last summer found this out to their cost. One of them told me that he had this queer experience. He asked a druggist for a draught of iron and quinine.

"Oh, we carn't give you that without a prescription, you know," the man replied.



A RAT-CATCHER.

The American persisted, but the druggist was firm.

"Well, can you give me an ounce of tincture of iron?"

"Yes, sir."

"And two two-grain quinine pills?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you lend me a tumbler with a little water in it?"

"Yes, sir."

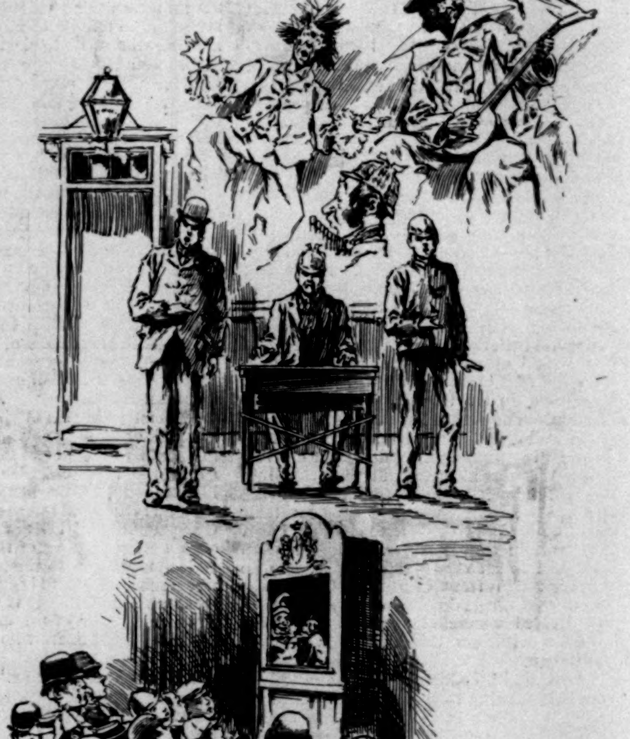
Having all these things, the American dropped a dozen drops of iron in the water, and took that and the pellets down with a gulp. The druggist looked on with keen interest, and then said, very gravely:

"Do you know, I call that very neat. It is very neat indeed."

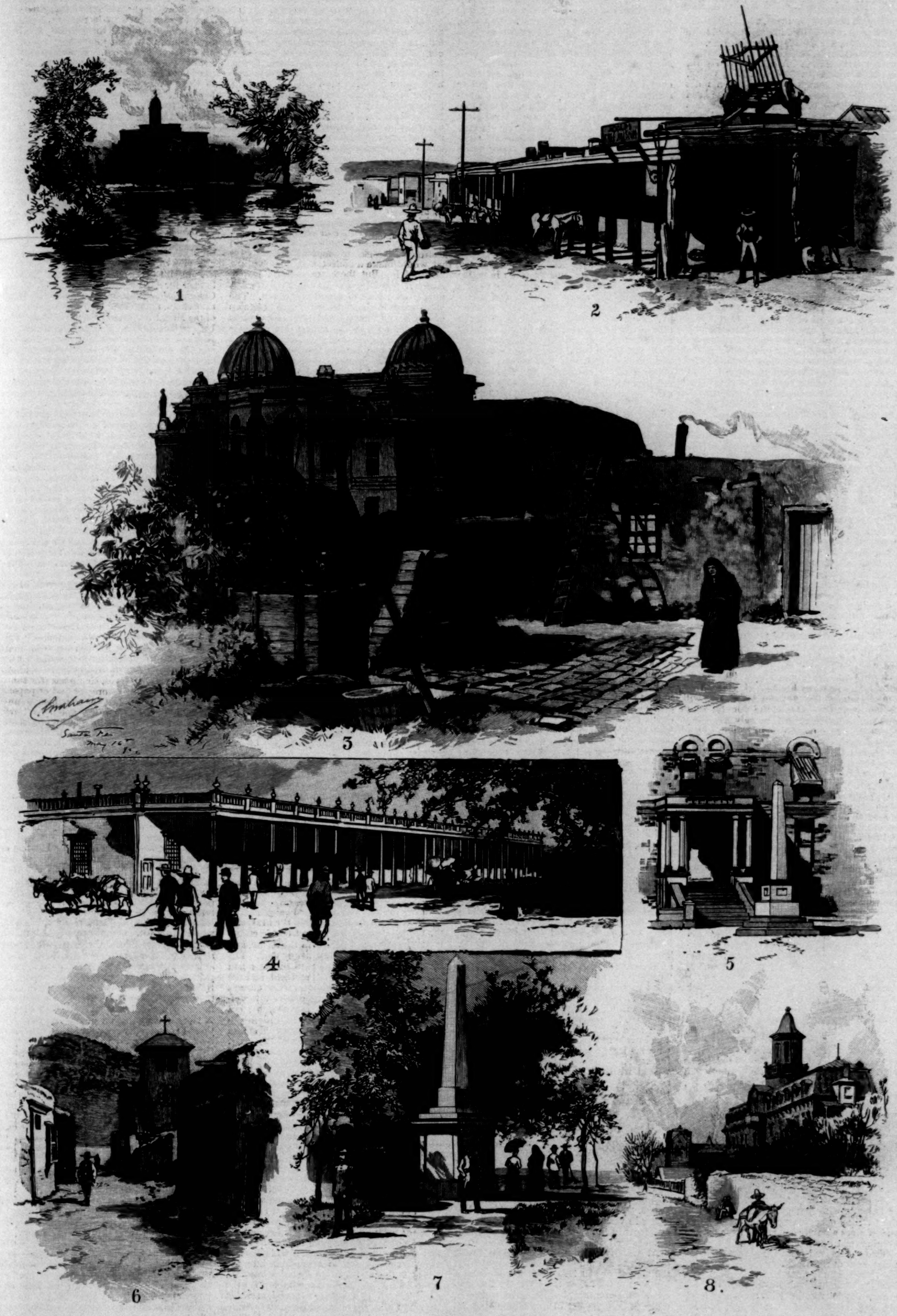
I had an experience all my own in Lock & Co.'s hat-store, in St. James Street. The aged proprietor displays ancient helmets and caps in his window, which is kept scrupulously dusty. Noting this, I said, "This must be a very old store indeed."

"Store?" said the man. "It's no store at all; it's a shop, sir. I call a store a place for the sale of a miscellaneous lot of goods; but this is a shop, sir. You ought to be more careful in your use of terms."

If that was rudeness—and I do not know how great he considered his provocation—it was the only rudeness I experienced from any shop-keeper. But I learned from that incident not to say store. And before I left London I had swelled my *index expurgatorium* to the extent that I seldom used the following words: Guess; yes, sir; glass (for tumbler); railroad; horse-car; cents; fix; store; or pad of paper. "Block of paper" they said, when I at last got them to understand that I wanted a pad. "Guess" and "fix" are pure Americanisms, and are to be used or not as you want to attract curious attention or to avoid it; but the most difficult thing for many Americans in England was to avoid saying "sir" to a stranger who addressed them or to an old gentleman. "Yes, sir," and "no, sir," over there are the verbal insignia of a servant.



VARIOUS STREET AMUSEMENTS.



SKETCHES AT SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

1. Artificial Lake in the Archbishop's Garden. 2. San Francisco Street. 3. View of Capitol from New-Mexican Adobe Yard (Adobe Brick-making in the immediate Foreground). 4. The Governor's Palace, in which Lew Wallace wrote *Ben-Hur*. 5. Entrance to Government Building. 6. St. Miguel Church. 7. Soldiers' Monument. 8. The College.

LA VILLA REAL DE SANTA FE.

HIGH in the mid-continent, a hundred miles south of the Colorado boundary, the old town of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, lies seven thousand feet above the sea, at the base of the Sierra Madre. A cañon dividing the foot-hills widens at its foot into a valley, which winds southwesterly eighteen miles to the Rio Grande del Norte. At the head of the valley the town rests against a mountain background, with deep recesses and dark pine woods fringed against the sky; and far to the north, an outpost of the Snowy Range, a peak snow-capped from October to May, looks down upon the town across the lower elevations. High in the mountains, amid the pines and poplars of a little park, sleeps La Laguna Encantada, holding ever in her sombre depths the image of the twin peaks which guard her slumbers. Fed by hidden springs and melting snows, the enchanted lake overflows in a stream, the Rio de Santa Fe, which tumbles in a long cascade down the twenty-mile cañon to the valley to which it is a source of life and fertility.

There is a lack of precise information about the details of the founding of Santa Fe, but history and tradition commonly assert that in the year 1541, only twenty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, the Spanish military expedition commanded by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, pushing far to the north, found on the present site of the town a community of civilized Indians, who tilled the soil, and resided in adobe houses, built terrace fashion, several stories high, which could be entered only by means of ladders. They worshipped the sun, maintained a sacred fire in their temples, and were ruled by a cacique and council of elders. Teguayo, or Cicuyé—the name is a disputed point among antiquarians—was one of the eighty Indian pueblo towns which at that time were scattered through the wide arid region which is now New Mexico and Arizona. Near the end of the sixteenth century a Spanish colony, acting under the royal authority of King Philip III., with means to make their stay good, planted the cross in this upland valley, and about a plaza or public square, laid out a town, which they christened Santa Fe de San Francisco de Asis—a name shortened in use to Santa Fe.

Ancient among towns in the United States is this Spanish-Indian city, a European graft implanted upon an aboriginal civilization in the century before the epoch in which were founded the settlements of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. Southward along the windings of that great unnavigable river, the Rio Grande del Norte, through two hundred miles of savage-infested wilderness, lay the trail which for two hundred and twenty-five years was the only link that joined the Spanish province of New Mexico with the nearest other communities of the civilized world. On the north, the east, and the west lay arid trackless plains or difficult mountain ranges, seemingly interminable; and for two and a quarter centuries the tide of conquest and occupation by an English-speaking race, as it resistlessly moved westward across the continent, was all unknown in this isolated community, which was revolving in epitome the phases of Spanish-American history. Wars and massacres, the black shadow of the Inquisition, the despotic and cruel acts of the old Governors, and the desperate protest of insurrection alternate in the pages of its records with drowsy idylls of peace. Two conquests have fallen on Sante Fe within its written history, and in the fortunes of civil war it has been lost and won many times. The town from the first was of commanding importance in the province of which it was the capital. Early in its history it was raised to the rank of "villa," and is known in the Spanish records as La Villa Real de Santa Fe. Its traditions and customs of to-day are derived from the mingling of three separate civilizations—the aboriginal, the Spanish, and the English.

Santa Fe, after the usual fashion of Spanish towns, is built about a plaza, faced on every side by buildings and verandas. On three sides are shops, offices, saloons, and hotels. On the fourth and north side is the Palace, the government house in all times since the Spanish first occupied New Mexico. It is one story in height, with a veranda along its entire front; the face of its thick adobe wall is plastered into a semblance of stone-work, an innovation of recent times. The plaza, measuring about three hundred feet each way, contains an inner square, leaving streets forty feet wide in front of the surrounding buildings. The smaller square is neatly fenced, and laid out in walks among alfalfa lawns abundantly shaded by large cotton-wood trees. In the middle of the esplanade stands a monument of sandstone, inscribed to the soldiers who fell in New Mexico in repelling the Confederate invasion in 1862, or in battle with savage Indians. Near it is the pavilion occupied by the military band, which gives a public concert in the plaza on evenings and Sunday afternoons.

Two streets lead from every corner of the plaza, each at right angles with the adjoining side. Those on the north of the square open into the straight, shaded avenues, on which are the spacious military barracks and head-quarters buildings of Fort Marcy, and the handsome cottages of officers and civilian residents; from the high mesa on the north-west the ruined earthworks of old Fort Marcy, built when the United States troops first occupied Santa Fe, look down on the city. On the south the narrow streets, at a little distance from the plaza, ramify into crooked and narrower roads and alleys among the antique houses of the Mexican quarter. The general aspect of the town is imparted by the preponderance of flat-roofed, one-story adobe houses; above these rise the massive walls and belfries of scattered churches and other religious and public edifices, and the roofs of a few high business buildings about the plaza. On Palace Avenue, east of the plaza, are several great Mexican houses built about spacious courts, or *patios*, and a number of handsome modern residences. In other streets adobe buildings and high walls shut in the roadway; many of these houses are the humble abodes of the poor, but among them the large residences of the wealthier Mexicans, with their soft brown or whitewash tints, long verandas, and air of seclusion and mystery present an Oriental appearance that is well in keeping with the surroundings. Up and down the valley bottom mud walls enclose fields and gardens green with growing crops.

In the by-streets and alleys Mexicans crouch in doorways and against the walls, and señoritas from beneath their black shawls flung gracefully about the head and shoulders throw coquettish glances at the passers-by. Most of the men are clad in garments that would be commonplace in any Western city, and it is only among those persons visiting the town from remote and primitive hamlets that one finds an approach to the old-time native costume. The Mexican of the poorer class has the faults that accompany ignorance and superstition, but he possesses the cardinal virtues of charity and hospitality, and a destitute man may travel from one end of the Territory to the other, and find no adobe house so poor that the inmates will not give him shelter, and share with him the best of their humble fare. The wealthy Señor Don is a courtly gentleman, with a deep but unobtrusive pride, and a hospitality that is unbounded and a matter of course. Among this class are names illustrious in the days of the Moorish wars in Spain, and amid the preponderating handsome dark Southern types there survives in the representatives of some of these old families the Visigothic fair skin and blue eyes transmitted from the noble strain of Andalusia and Castile.

Santa Fe County contains large and valuable mineral and coal deposits. About Mount Chalchiuitl, in the Cerillos Range, are the turquoise mines, worked successfully in early days by the Spanish conquerors; and these mines it may one day be found profitable to reopen. The town of Santa Fe has two national banks, and sustains one daily paper, the *New Mexican*, and several weekly newspapers, including a Spanish periodical, the *Boletin Popular*. Adjoining the plaza at different corners are two massive adobe hotels, built in the old fashion about court-yards, and a short distance from the square a fine modern structure, the Palace Hotel. The New Mexico Rod and Gun Club has its head-quarters in the town, and maintains a house in the hunting and fishing region lying about the upper waters of the Pecos River. The New Mexico Historical Society, which is doing good work in this most interesting field of archæological and historical research, exhibits a large, valuable, and increasing collection of relics and illustrative specimens in its rooms at the west end of the Palace.

Santa Fe is astir early in the day. All the marketing is done in the morning, and after eight o'clock it is impossible to buy any good butcher's meat. Other supplies may be bought at the shops or of hucksters at all hours of the day. There are large market gardens near Santa Fe, and the Indians from the pueblos in the Rio Grande Valley bring to town fruits and vegetables packed in hampers on the backs of burros (donkeys). The plaza throughout the morning presents an animated scene. Groups of burros, loaded with garden products, pottery, or firewood, stand at the edge of the sidewalk, with the Indian masters by them waiting to sell their wares. If an owner has occasion to leave his beast, he perhaps secures him to a post by a rope tied about the animal's forelegs. The Pueblo Indian is a picturesque aborigine, with his long black hair "banged" over his forehead and encircled by a red band, or wound with a strip of scarlet cloth into a short cue behind. His dress is a cotton tunic, and loose drawers and leggings, fastened below the knee by red garters; and sometimes he brightens his costume by wrapping about him a gaudy-hued Navajo blanket. All of the Pueblo tribes make pottery, which they bring into town to sell, their stock in trade comprising a great variety of shapes and sizes, from huge *ollas* or water-jars, holding many gallons, down to the tiniest of jugs and bowls. Each tribe has its peculiar pattern of decoration in the form of stripes, diagrams, and rude figures of men, birds, and beasts in various colors, baked into the clay, and some of the Indian pottery is very handsome as well as serviceable.

At warehouses on San Francisco Street ox wagons are unloading salt brought from the salinas, or salt lakes, on the table-land a hundred miles below the city. In the jewellers' shops on the plaza Mexican workmen make filigree jewelry of native gold and silver, which material they draw into wire of great fineness and pliability; then double twist the strands, and fashion them into ornaments of fantastic patterns. The fine serrated edge of the twisted wire produces the delicate gauzy or frost-work effect so beautifully displayed in Etruscan jewelry.

Against the walls, in sun or shade, sit beggars as in the cities of southern Europe—the halt, the blind, the deformed, and the very old. The effect of the dry air on these aged mendicants is to mummify them, living, into shapes of bones held together by wrinkled, parchment-like skin.

The site of the old Indian quarter is half a mile southward from the plaza across the Rio de Santa Fé. Here the houses, crowding upon devious and narrow alleys, swarm with a population which shows markedly its strain of descent from the native race. West and south of the plaza, beginning at Palace Avenue, there have been carved through this part of the town the spacious domains of a succession of great church establishments—St. Vincent's Hospital, the Cathedral, the archbishop's palace, the Convent of Our Lady of Light, San Miguel Church, and the Brother's College. San Miguel Church, fronted by a little Campo-Santo filled with ancient graves, is an ancient and massive adobe structure, cruciform in plan, with a flat roof and square terrace-shaped belfry, lately restored by the Brothers of San Miguel from a state of crumbling decay. The altar recess is decorated with bright pictures of saints, and the pine and cedar cross-beams above the body of the church are quaintly carved with imitation of grape-vines and odd designs; on one beam a Spanish inscription tells that, "The Marquis de la Peñuela erected this building, the Royal Ensign Don Augustus Flores Vergara his agent, A. D. 1710."

The date of the inscription marks the completion of a restoration begun in the year 1694, fourteen years after the dismantlement of the church by the Pueblo Indians, who in the year 1680 revolted against their Spanish oppressors and inquisitors, killed many of them, and drove the remainder from the country; but the walls of San Miguel's were laid in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The roof of the church, which overlooks the town and valley, is surmounted by a parapet, and serves as a promenade. The cracked and battered bell that hung by raw-hide thongs in its rude wooden frame in the old belfry was cast in the fourteenth century.

Adjoining the church is the college of the Brothers of San Miguel, a large handsome structure, three stories in height, with adobe walls and red sandstone posts and corners, capped by a French roof and belfry. The college building accommodates ninety students, which, with the attendance at the day school, brings up its number of pupils to about two hundred. The Convent of Loretto for the education of young girls, and St. Vincent's Hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity, are large and well-equipped institutions that admirably serve the purposes for which they were founded. In the cathedral, a large, handsome stone structure built on the site of the adobe edifice that preceded it, may be seen the paintings presented to the church a century and a half ago by the Spanish commander, Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon, who reconquered New Mexico after the revolt of 1680. In the rear of the episcopal palace, a long one-story building built about a series of courts, are the cool walks and arbors of the archbishop's garden, where, shut from the outer world by a high adobe wall, are fruitful orchards, vines, berries, grass, and flowers, and a fish pond fed by a large spring that wells from the ground within the enclosure.

The brown old town wears in all seasons an Indian summer look of warmth and brightness. The summer rays of the sun unveiled by clouds strike warm upon the hard dry ground and unshaded house fronts, but the thin air does not retain the heat, and the temperature of the hottest day is entirely comfortable to a person in the shade, and the nights are always delightfully cool. The red foot-hills that roll upward on the north and west of the town are hot and arid, and the glossy green of the piñon and cedar clumps that dot their slopes do not diminish the effect of barrenness which they present; but beyond them are the cool peaks giving to this wonderful landscape the threefold charm of the mountains, the desert, and the oasis. These broad features of the scene impress the consciousness to the exclusion of all minor details, and in a land so gloriously illuminated by sunlight the aboriginal religion could only have been one of worship to the great luminary.

The features of social life in Santa Fe are very pleasant. For many years the town was the head-quarters of the military department of New Mexico, recently transferred to Fort Wingate in western New Mexico, but Fort Marcy still serves as an army post, at present the regimental head-quarters of the Tenth United States Infantry, Colonel Simon Snyder commanding. The residents of the town, military and civil, are noted for good living and hospitality, and besides the occurrence of numerous balls and parties, and the maintenance of a charming fashion of informal visiting and dining out, a wide field of enjoyment is found in excursions into the wild country about Santa Fe, with hunting, trout-fishing, and mountain climbing for the adventurous. In a climate so genial, in which the range of temperature usually lies between twenty and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, an out-of-door life is agreeable at all seasons of the year.

Santa Fe is connected by a branch railway eighteen miles long with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe road at Lamy, and by the Santa Fe and Southern Railway with the Denver and Rio Grande road at Espanola. The population of the town is sixty-five hundred souls, of whom more than four-fifths are of Mexican descent. The remainder are mainly American, with a considerable proportion of foreign-born citizens. The Board of County Commissioners and its chairman perform the functions of a Mayor and Board of Aldermen. The prevailing religion is the Roman Catholic, and feast-days and religious processions are frequent, the day of the town's patron saint, Francis, of Assisi, on the 4th of October, being notably celebrated by high-mass at the cathedral, and a general illumination from the streets and windows and house-tops. There are in Santa Fe a Presbyterian church, and also an Episcopal church of very handsome architecture, built largely through the zealous and untiring efforts of its rector, the Rev. Edward Meany. A government school for Indians now building will be ready to receive pupils this year, and the Protestant and the Catholic religions are each represented by a flourishing Indian school—the Ramona School for girls and boys, supported by the Congregational denomination, and the Rosario School, maintained under the special care of the Most Rev. Archbishop Salpointe. The University of New Mexico—of which the Ramona School is a branch—was founded and is controlled by the Congregational Church; and the Santa Fe Academy, an institution conducted under the auspices of the Santa Fe Presbytery, provides the course of study usually pursued in the public schools of Eastern towns.

A visit to the Palace is full of interest to the sojourner in Santa Fe. The adobe walls, six feet thick, which have been standing nearly three hundred years, are as solid and enduring as when they were first laid. The high and spacious apartments of this edifice, which distinctively is the Governor's residence and official head-quarters and the meeting-place of the legislative bodies of all periods in the history of New Mexico, up to a very recent time furnished rooms also for nearly every other department of the Territorial government, including the United States and Territorial courts and the Territorial library. Most of these departments now have quarters in the new Territorial Capitol, but the Palace is still the official residence of the Governors of New Mexico. Seen from its court-yard, the antiquity of the building is revealed, despite numerous renovations and repairs, in the fallen plaster, the rough walls, and the adobe roof, on which the tall wild grass waves in the breeze. Rooms built against the inside of the rear wall face the court, and all this part of the edifice undoubtedly presents much the appearance that it did in the days of the Spanish Governors.

During the turmoils and invasions of nearly two hundred years, the archives of New Mexico had been carefully preserved in the Palace through every mutation of power; but in the year 1870, W. A. Pile, then Governor, had them thrown into the streets and sold as waste paper. Grocers and butchers used the old State and historical parchments and papers bearing the royal seal as wrapping for packages, and records pertaining to the title of valuable grants of land were placed at the mercy of whoever had an interest in destroying or withholding them. This unaccountable act of vandalism provoked so urgent a remonstrance from the citizens of Santa Fe that Pile reluctantly consented that the manuscripts should, so far as was then possible, be recovered and stored again at the Palace, but naturally only a part of these papers found their way back to the proper repository.

In the year 1879, General Lew Wallace, who had recently assumed the office of Governor of New Mexico, chanced to notice a heap of manuscripts on the floor of an outer room in the rear of the Palace court-yard. Picking up one of the papers, he found it to be a Spanish warrant dated early in the last century ordering the arrest and inquisition of a party suspected of heresy. A further examination of the heap showed that it contained what was left of the New-Mexican archives. Under the direction of Governor Wallace the papers were placed in safe quarters in an inner room of the Palace, where, tied in square, compact bundles, the mass of documents measured seventy-four cubic feet. When the suitable person shall explore these manuscripts, and write the story that they tell, there will be added to the history of the United States its oldest and most romantic volume. An episode of the old Palace that to many people will be of paramount interest is that within these antique walls of the Spanish rulers, on arid uplands like Syria and Palestine, Lew Wallace wrote the novel of *Ben-Hur*.

The present Governor is L. Bradford Prince, who, with a thorough knowledge of the needs of the Territory, displays in his important executive position the energy, industry, and business capacity which distinguished his long and honorable career as a State Senator in New York. He formerly held the position of Chief-Justice of the Territory, and is the author of a valuable and interesting history of New Mexico. The hospitalities of the executive mansion were never more fully and gracefully sustained than by that charming and accomplished lady, Mrs. Prince, who, a descendant of one of the old and wealthy New York families, is by adoption a New-Mexican heart and soul.

South of the Rio de Santa Fe stands the large handsome Territorial Capitol building, and beyond it, in the southern suburb of the town, is situated the Territorial penitentiary. On the level plain north of the barracks, in front of the large stone United States government building, rises a handsome monument, inscribed "The Pathfinder," which commemorates one of the worthiest and bravest of the heroes of the Western frontier, Kit Carson, the famous plainsman and mountaineer, the guide of General John C. Fremont in his expedition across the continent, and the gallant leader in many Indian campaigns. Toward the end of his eventful life he married a Mexican lady at Taos, on the upper Rio Grande, and his children and grandchildren reside in New Mexico.

In the early evening the people gather on the verandas about the square, or sit on the seats beneath the trees, while the military band plays for an hour in the plaza. The space around the inner enclosure is filled with carriages and riders, and there are here displayed costumes as fashionable and turnouts as fine as in any small city in the whole United States. But at a late hour in the night, when the town is lighted only by the soft moonbeams and stars shining from a cloudless sky, Santa Fe assumes its most picturesque aspect. The shadows of foliage lie intensely black on a pale yellow ground, the Palace beneath the moonbeams takes on a look of dignity befitting its name, and on the hill in the northwest old Fort Marcy stands darkly against the sky like a Roman ruin. It is a fitting time to visit the precincts of the Church of San Miguel, and see by moonlight its ghostly walls, and, hard by them, the forlorn token of the people who held the valley before the Spaniards came—the old pueblo house looming a story above the surrounding dwellings of this poor quarter.

Within a decade strange changes have come upon New Mexico. Great railroads cross it east and west and north and south, and a transcontinental traffic finds its route over this arid meeting-ground of diverse races. The locomotive's whistle and the rumbling trains of two railroads are heard in Santa Fe, and at the Cerillos Mountains, twenty miles southward, there is a bustling activity in the old mining region worked more than two centuries ago by the Spanish conquerors. As the capital and political head-quarters of New Mexico, and the ecclesiastical centre of Colorado and the southwestern Territories, Santa Fe will respond to the growth of the Territory, and retain its importance among New-Mexican cities, and, moreover, it will prosper through the advantages of the town as a place of residence, a sanitarium, and a point of interest for tourists. But the mediæval spirit is strongly rooted in New Mexico, and the town which bears the name of the Holy Faith is wakening but slowly from its long dream of the sixteenth century. The picturesque Spanish-Indian characteristics will happily long survive in this quaint town above the clouds, which, nestled against mountains facing the afternoon sun, basks in transparent luminous air amid mellow memories of the past and the infinite tranquillity of the present.

Clarence Pullen.

AN ADIRONDACK PARK.

The necessity for preserving the Adirondack forest has been recognized by everybody not a lumberman or a New York legislator for many years, but demands for legislative action toward that end have been sporadic and desultory, and have affected public opinion only, official opinion remaining inert or but feebly responsive until this year. There was a time when the State of New York owned a great part of the northern wilderness, and could have preserved the water-shed of the Hudson with very little difficulty; but the influence of forests upon water supply and climatic conditions had not been studied, the value of the wilderness was not known to the people of the State, and they sold immense tracts of the land to shrewd and far-seeing speculators for a dollar an acre.

The speculator ran railroads into the woods and began cutting off the timber, and after large areas had been denuded of trees, and streams and ponds began to dry up, sportsmen cried out against the vandalism because it affected the supply of fish and game. Public attention was drawn to the destruction of the forests that had been going on for years, and scientific men pointed out the dangers that threatened the great water-way of the State. Everybody agreed that it was a mistake to sell off the State timber lands, and that something ought to be done to stop the destruction and save the water-shed; but everybody's business was, as usual, nobody's business, and beyond the publication of newspaper articles, and an occasional report from the Forest Commission, nothing was done. It was argued by some that self-interest would induce the lumbermen to reform their wasteful methods, and conduct their operations in such a manner as to encourage the growth of new timber and maintain a perpetual supply, and possibly if their self-interest were sufficiently enlightened they would adopt a more rational system of lumbering. But the process of denudation appears to go on more rapidly than the process of enlightenment, and by the time the wood-cutters learn that the proper way to exploit a forest is to cut only mature timber and give the young trees a chance to grow, the forests will have disappeared.

But the despoilers have not had it all their own way in the woods. They have been held in check here and there by organized selfishness of another kind—the selfishness of the leisure class, the preservers of game. Sportsmen's clubs have rescued portions of the forest from the axemen, and successfully resisted their encroachments, not through public spirit or a desire to save the water-shed of the Hudson, not because they wanted to preserve the north woods as a recreation ground for the people, but through a purely selfish spirit, and because they wanted to hunt deer and catch trout for their own amusement. The clubs have been useful, and undoubtedly their example has given encouragement and impetus to the movement for the preservation of the north woods.

The oldest of the sportsmen's organizations is the Adirondack Club, which preserves about 50,000 acres in Essex County. The club is the residuum of the Adirondack Iron Company, which was organized some twenty-five or thirty years ago, to work some iron mines near Lake Henderson. Furnaces were put up, the mines were opened, and a mining town called Adirondack was started. Had the enterprise proved successful, the company would undoubtedly have done its share in the destruction of the forests, but fortunately the mines did not pay, and the works were abandoned. The capitalists interested in the scheme had a big tract of land on their hands, the timber was practically valueless, because of its remoteness from a market, and they conceived the idea of turning their property into a game preserve, and using it for their own enjoyment and recreation. A club-house was built, hunting camps were established, and considerable sums of money were spent in improving the property. Many of the ponds were restocked with fish, and to-day the members of the club have excellent lake and brook trout fishing whenever they go to the woods. The woods and lakes are looked after by keepers the year round, and poachers find little opportunity to reduce the supply of fish and game. In Essex County there is no law against hounding deer, and the members of the Adirondack Club hunt with dogs, a method of taking deer that is not approved by some sportsmen, and is the subject of much controversy.

The Kildare Club preserves 5000 acres in St. Lawrence County, and takes the other side on the hounding question. The preserve includes Jordan Lake and four smaller ponds, and is reached by the Northern Adirondack Railroad, which is owned by members of the club. The Kildare was organized in 1882, and is composed as follows: President, F. W. Vanderbilt; Secretary and Treasurer, George W. Bird; Dr. Seward Webb, Walter Webb, Louis Webb, W. D. Sloan, Henry T. Sloan, E. A. Wales, Dr. Wm. Appleton, G. B. De Forrest, J. H. Purdy, and H. McKay Twombly. The club-house, overlooking Jordan Lake from a wooded knoll, is a log structure 100 feet by 30 feet, with a 30-foot L. It contains, besides private rooms for all the members, a large hall, dining-room, and billiard-room, and is a comfortable winter or summer residence. The Kildare men often go to the woods in the winter, not to hunt, because they are strict observers of the game laws, but to amuse themselves with snow-shoeing and shooting matches with rifle and revolver, and to get renewed health and strength from exercise in the cold, bracing air of the snow-covered mountains. When the enormous fireplace at the end of the main hall, the boast and pride of the club, is piled with blazing logs on a cold winter night, the Kildare men are to be envied by those who know only the summer aspect of the Adirondack wilderness.

When the preserve was established the ponds had been depleted of trout by the reprehensible practice of winter fishing through the ice; but the waters have been restocked, and the trout are now abundant and gamy. Under the care of the club, and in consequence of the operation of the law of St. Lawrence County prohibiting the hunting of deer with dogs, the deer on the Kildare preserve have increased tenfold, and are so numerous that one is almost certain to see from ten to thirty in a day's journey through the woods. The members of the club have given up night-shooting almost entirely, being able to get a daylight shot at any time. They are uncompromising "anti-hounders," and a dog that is caught running deer on their preserve never leaves the woods alive. St. Lawrence County hunters and guides are now stanch supporters of the law, although at first they thought it a hardship to be deprived of the privilege of standing upon a runway and shooting a deer as he passed.

The Kildare preserve is not enclosed by fences of any sort, and the effect of the club's protection of game has been a marked increase in the number of deer in all the adjacent territory. The same thing is true, of course, of all the sportsmen's clubs in the Adirondacks.

The Hamilton Park Club, formed three years ago, has 32,000 acres of mountain and forest, including a great many ponds, and is composed of only twenty-five members. The club has no large house, but each member has a camp for his own use. Keepers are hired to protect the game and prevent poaching of all kinds.

In the absence of any comprehensive and feasible plan to secure to the people the use and benefits of this great natural recreation-ground and sanitarium, this dilemma is presented: either the lumbermen will destroy the forests, exterminate the game, and work great injury to the waterways and to the State generally, or a few rich men will preserve the forests and the game for their own exclusive benefit and enjoyment. To meet and solve this question the Adirondack Park Association has been organized.

The State Forest Commission is supposed to be doing something toward the establishment of a State park in the Adirondacks, but its rate of progress is characteristically official, and it has succeeded in getting an appropriation of only $25,000 to be applied toward the purchase of 1,750,000 acres of land. Even that ridiculously inadequate sum will be absorbed in salaries and expenses of agents employed to find out what needs to be done.

The association, or some of its members, presented a bill for the consideration of the last State Legislature providing for the establishment of a park and appropriating money for the purpose, but the bill was smothered in committee, and a resolution substituted "authorizing the Forest Commission to examine the feasibility of establishing a park." The secretary of the commission has outlined a location for the park in the form of an ellipse, with its longer diameter running north and south from the Kildare district, in Franklin County, to a point twenty-five miles south of Lake Piseco, in Hamilton County—a distance of ninety miles. The shorter diameter is fifty miles, the central point being in the Blue Mountain and Racquette Lake region. The lines enclose 2,250,000 acres of forest land, of which the State now owns about 500,000 acres. The entire Adirondack water-shed of the Hudson is within these limits, together with Racquette, Long, Blue Mountain, Chateaugay, Saranac, Tupper, Forked, Fulton Chain, Placid, and St. Regis lakes. Within this tract lies nearly all of the virgin forest now remaining.

The purpose of the Park Association is to collect all the information concerning the ownership of land, etc., requisite for a thorough understanding of the situation, embody the carefully digested results of its committee-work in a bill, and arouse a public sentiment in favor of a park that will compel the Legislature to take definite and adequate action. One of the most important matters to be considered is how to manage the forests so as to make them profitable to the State without injuring them, in order that the park may not be a great expense to the taxpayers. Judicious cutting of timber is a positive benefit to forest growth, as is amply demonstrated in the German forests.

Allen Kelly.

THE FUNNY MAN IN CONGRESS.

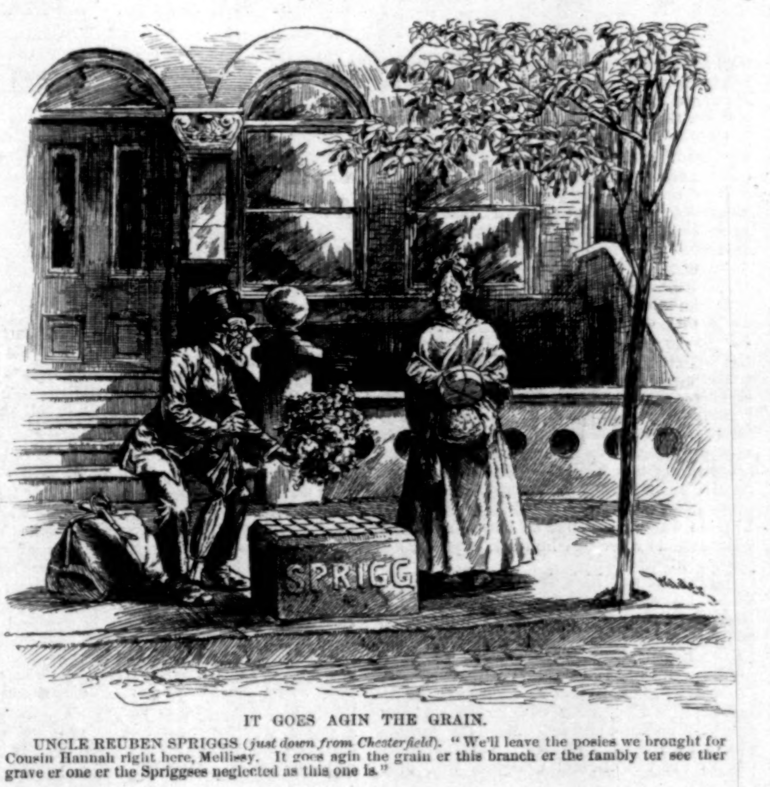
Congress has never been without its wit or humorist. To listen to him is the delight both of the floor and the galleries. In the growing list of Congressmen who have served their generations and departed are the names of many men whose fame rests upon the funny speeches they have made and the capital stories they have told. There are scores of story-tellers, however, who do not shine in the debates. In the lobbies, the committee-rooms, the convivial gatherings, one may find story-tellers in almost infinite variety. Among them will be some of the gravest and most solemn Senators and members—men who seemingly find it difficult to smile when fun is mingled with the transaction of public business. They may possibly represent rural constituencies who would deem it an outrage upon the services to laugh out loud at one of Mark Twain's lectures. There are people in this serious land of ours who regard any outburst of feeling in a public hall as an impropriety, the public hall being usually the meeting-house. There are Congressmen like this. They have been brought up in that kind of an atmosphere, and they would no more think of cracking a joke in a serious speech than of moving an adjournment in order to engage in a game of poker.

These jesters, when one comes upon them, are rare intellectual nuggets known to the few—to the initiated. They are like old editions and half-forgotten books, jealously guarded by the booksellers from all except those who have the purse of Fortunatus and the taste for the pleasures of the book chase.

The West and the South are redolent of anecdote, nor is the East far behind. There are besides the recluses of story-telling, the more ostentatious and widely known—the *raconteurs* they call them in Washington, where high-sounding names go very far among a certain class of people who have plenty of time to listen because they have nothing else to do while they wait.

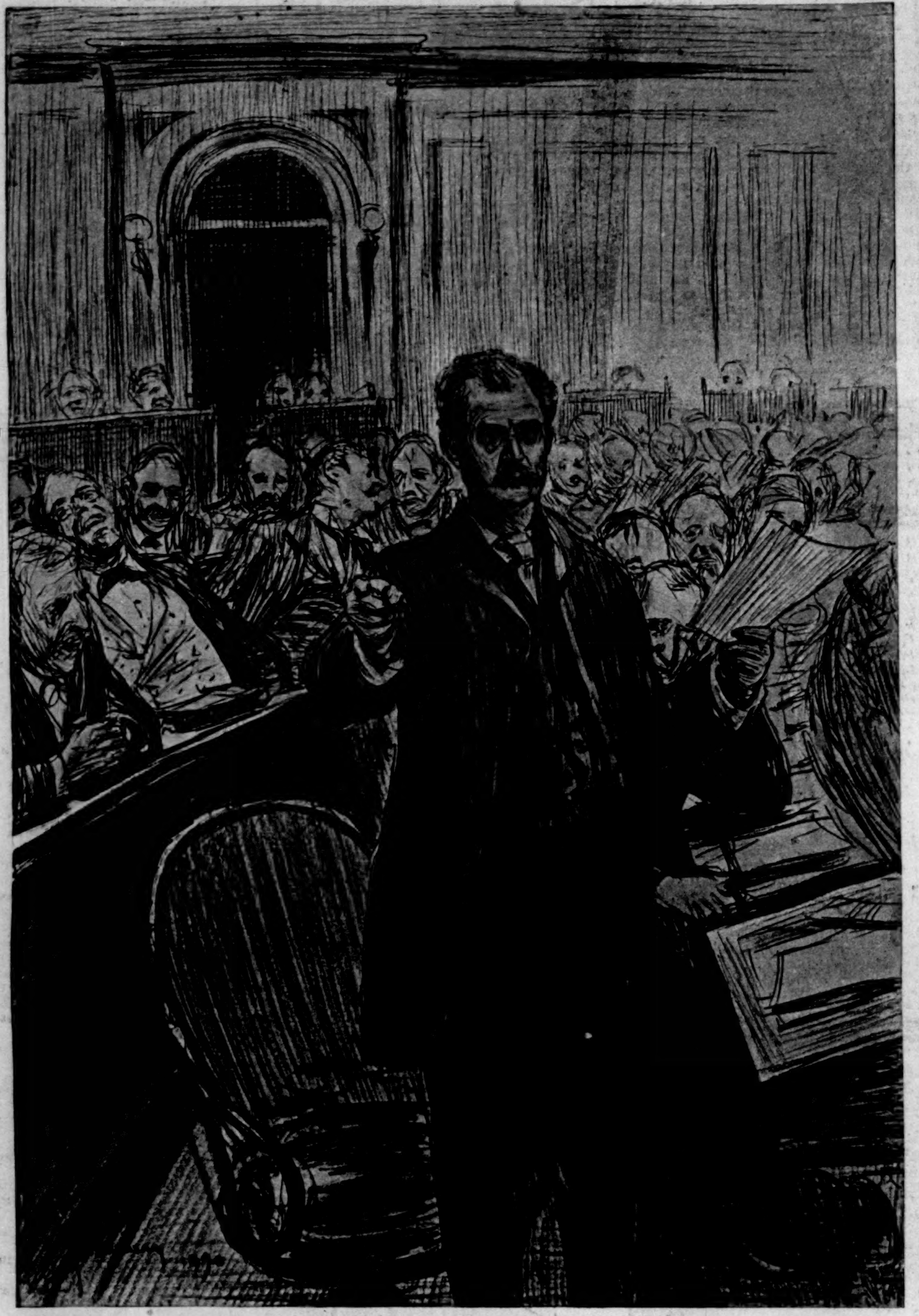
But neither recluses nor *raconteurs* are meant when we speak of the *funny man in Congress*. It is greatly to be regretted that such a poor and belittling title should be made to include some of the strongest and most effective men in our parliamentary history. But this is a natural consequence of the decline of oratory in our public assemblies. The House of Representatives manages its business very much after the manner of a bank board of directors. Debate occasionally breaks out, but the Senate is really the only debating body of Congress, and the oratory there has grown to be of an exceedingly weak and unalluring character by reason of the inroad of men whose contributions to the discussions are by way of painfully and often uncertainly read essays. Moreover, there is a fatal absence of the hope and desire of convincing that has made useless those arts of the orator that are intended for immediate effect. Speeches are made for constituents. Decisions on important questions of legislation are by the caucus. The time when a Congressman argued with his fellows in order to convince their understandings and to secure their votes seems to have gone by; but in the day when the Democratic party was dividing on the Kansas question, when the Whigs, under the hot influence of the rising antislavery sun, were melting away, there was an opportunity for oratory, and then he who possessed the weapons of satire, ridicule, and the broad humor so keenly appreciated in this country, was one of the powers in Congress—one of the men with whom his opponents were obliged to reckon. His successor is the natural product of a time when speeches that are now addressed to the constituents through the *Record* are such attacks upon men and parties as were formerly confined to the stump. When the funny man rises in his place, it is not to expose the weakness of the opposition's case, but to make fun of the other party or its leaders. Since the death of Mr. S. S. Cox, we have had only one bit of genuine humorous or witty argument, and that was the speech of Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, in opposition to the code of rules adopted by the Republicans at the beginning of the present session of Congress.

There is something pathetic in the failure of the wits of political life. Thomas Corwin never ceased to attribute to his reputation of being funny his inability to compass the highest honors. He felt that his abilities and services entitled him to any honor within the gift of the people. He rose to be Secretary of the Treasury in Fillmore's cabinet, but that did not satisfy him. He died feeling



IT GOES AGIN THE GRAIN.

UNCLE REUBEN SPRIGGS (*just down from Chesterfield*). "We'll leave the posies we brought for Cousin Hannah right here, Mellissy. It goes agin the grain er this branch er the fambly ter see ther grave er one er the Spriggses neglected as this one is."



MR. ALLEN, OF MISSISSIPPI, HAS THE FLOOR—A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 563.]

that if he had not been so funny, if he had not indulged in his exquisite ridicule of the Michigan militia general who attacked General Harrison, he might have been President. Corwin was immeasurably greater than his reputation, and his fun almost always helped out his serious argument.

How many of the younger generation of voters know of Senator John P. Hale, a veritable Boanerges of the antislavery cause? His keen wit and satire and his undoubted courage gave him much more influence in the Senate than Sumner won by his learning and eloquence. But John P. Hale is a comparatively unknown figure in our political history.

The truth is, all Americans partake more or less of the traits of character which compel the rural congregation to maintain absolute composure within the four walls of meeting-house or lecture-room when public speaking is in progress. We have not the traditional insensibility to a joke peculiar to our British cousin, but we insist that there is a place for everything, especially for joking. Abraham Lincoln was a joker, but he had the wisdom to be serious whenever he made a public appearance.

Where are our historic funny men? We do not know of them; or if we do, we are antiquarians who search for the anomalies of a past time. There must have been laughter in the Revolution. There must have been joy 'way back in the stern days of the sterner Puritans. There must have been some quick-witted New-Englander who saw the funny side of Winthrop, and recognized the humors of John Endicott's bigotry. Was there no one in the Continental Congress who ever made a joke except that grewsome one about the gallows and hanging which greeted the signers of the Declaration? Was Gouveneur Morris the only man who had enough of the courage of good-fellowship to slap George Washington on the back? Did no one jest while the Constitution was being framed by those solemn old gentlemen whose lips seem never to have parted in a smile?

No one can doubt that there were jokers in those days as there are now; but then as now they went their way with the generation that they delighted, and succeeding ages heard nothing of them. Of this, however, we may be certain: that the war of the Revolution would have come to an inglorious end, that the Declaration of Independence could not have been adopted, that the Constitutional Convention would have ignominiously failed, had there been no jesting in the land. The spirits of men could not have withstood the strain if there had been nothing in public life but the solemnity of which we read.

In all the early Congresses there must have been funny men at the very opening of whose mouths their fellow-members laughed. We know this, because every Congress of our own time has had its jester. And there's the rub. The reputation for jesting is fatal to political ambition. It is allied in the popular mind with idleness, and is opposed to seriousness, even to sincerity. No matter how able and accomplished a Congressman may be, he must beware lest he set his fellows to laughing. It is improbable that a lifetime of dulness will be able to atone for a single slip into pure fun. We like the blinking owl in our high places; and if the owl wants to stop blinking, and to tell stories or play poker, he must carefully shut the door and draw the curtains.

After Hale and Corwin we must come down to times within the memory of the youngest voter. To be sure, there were other wits in the older time, but who can name them without resorting to a catch-all of jokes, or to a *Dictionary of Congress?* When I speak of funny men, I mean those from whom something funny was expected whenever they rose to speak. A good many Congressmen may possibly utter a joke. Wade of Ohio, or Chandler of Michigan, or Eaton of Connecticut, was often grimly humorous; but the true funny men of the House or Senate are those from whom laugh-provoking speeches are demanded.

Among the men of recent Congresses at whose rising their fellow-members have settled themselves for a laugh are, Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, Conger of Michigan, and S. S. Cox. Proctor Knott made one speech that almost destroyed his fairly won reputation as an excellent lawyer. He was the best story-teller in Washington, one of the very best that Kentucky, the mother of *raconteurs*, ever produced. He was not injured so long as he confined his outpouring to cloak-rooms, committee-rooms, or supper tables, even hotel loungers might hear him and he was still regarded as, what he was and is, an industrious, well-read, acute, and large-minded lawyer. No member of the Judiciary Committee ever performed more faithful or valuable services than Mr. Knott; but his speech on Duluth, the "zenith city of the unsalted seas," gave him a reputation that obscured that of which he was proud. Since quitting Congress, Mr. Knott has rather recovered lost ground by being made Governor of Kentucky. Perhaps more than anything else, strict attention to the routine duties of an executive office will relieve him who performs them of the odium of wit.

Mr. Conger's wit was like a whip-lash. He was one of the most expert parliamentarians of the House, which, however, expected from him fun instead of shrewdness.

Of all the useful wits that Congress has ever enjoyed, Samuel S. Cox was easily first. In many respects he was the most valuable Representative of his time, and except on rare occasions his fun was employed to decorate a serious argument. He was one of the strongest debaters in Congress on economic and commercial questions; one of the most punctilious business men in his relations to his constituents; one of the most adroit and successful promoters of legislation of his time. He was Speaker for a short time, but when he came seriously to contest for a full term, he was overwhelmingly defeated. He used to attribute his failure to secure the prize for which he longed to his reputation as a joker.

How many Republicans have been put up to outjoke Mr. Cox! There was Roswell G. Horr, whose satire was cutting, somewhat strong in tone, and sadly lacking the flavor of argument; when he applied to Mr. Harrison for a mission, the President refused to take him seriously, and offered him a consulate.

In the House to-day are Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, and Mr. Mason, of Chicago. The former is a thoroughly typical Southern wit, full of stories, and with a delicious humor, sometimes indulged in for mere sportiveness, but generally to help out an argument, limited, however, by the character of modern debates. Mr. Allen invariably makes the House laugh, and it is especially worthy of note that, like Mr. Cox, the Mississippi member's wit is not cruel nor unkindly. He hurts no one's feelings; and as he is still very young, it may be that he will outlive his reputation for fun, and gain one for that degree of solemnity which is essential to an American statesman who has aspirations.

NO LAND ON WHICH THE SUN SHINES
Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing West and fertile South where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rainfalls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave dank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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SEWAGE, AND WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH IT.

BY G. W. HOSMER, M.D.

FOR many years the only important object in regard to sewage seemed to be how to get it out of the way; and that indeed, with some variation, is still the burden of the inquiries on the subject in all populous places where the retention of offensive refuse is recognized as an evil, and where many other things are postponed to the great cause of public health. In some communities the solution of this problem, even in very ancient times, was substantially what it is now in the best-sewered cities; that is, sewage was carried to distant points by a current of water flowing through close pipes. Even in the city of Jerusalem this system was in operation in the days of Solomon, and modern engineers have discovered the remains of the system, and thus proved an interesting fact as to which history was silent save for a few vague phrases here and there.

But not all the older world has met the difficulty in the same way. For thousands of years China has done without sewers, and appears to be none the worse for their absence. In that country men carrying pails on a yoke go from house to house in all cities. Their pails are moving substitutes for sewers, and what they gather in the city they sell to farmers and gardeners in the country. It is said that typhoid fever is unknown there. But a recent epidemic at Pekin proves that this is not altogether true. This, however, even if it were true, does not necessarily prove that China is free from the causes of typhoid fever. On the contrary, it may prove their extreme prevalence; for the exemption of a race of men from a malady of this nature suggests that they may have lived where the atmosphere was fairly loaded with the germs of the disease, and that natural selection played its part in producing a type that was proof against it.

But we may come nearer home and find cities that flourished for a long time without sewers, and even without so good a substitute as the Chinese system. Many American cities have neither; and that ancient abomination, the privy vault, is a universal domestic institution in such cities. It is, as time flies, but a very few years since this city was in the same predicament; that is to say, instead of adopting the Chinese system, and sending offensive refuse out of town, to be worked into the ground and exhausted by vegetation, we retained it in enormous quantities in pits near our houses, where it contaminated all the ground near, and made the atmosphere of the summer nights horrible. It is probable that a fever much known in the city, and which lies on the line between intermittent and typhoid fevers, is produced by breathing emanations from the soil thus contaminated.

THEY DO THESE THINGS WORSE IN FRANCE.

Paris has enormous sewers, but, like those of Rome, originally they were built for ground and surface drainage mainly; are not fitted for the conveyance of what we commonly regard as sewage, and are not used for that purpose. Although a small part of the sewage of Paris is conveyed by sewers to the sewage farm at Gennevilliers, Paris depends, for more serious occasions, upon a barbarous antiquity that is but a slight improvement upon the privy vault. All the other large cities of France do the same. Paris has the *fosses permanentes* and the *fosses mobiles*. The *fosse permanente* is an enormous cesspool, built either under the court or in the basement of the house. It is coated on the inside with cement; and is supposed to be impervious, but is not. It is emptied once in several months by the carts of the *fossoyeurs*, who withdraw the contents through hose by making a vacuum. The *fosses mobiles* are tanks or tubs kept in the lower part of the houses, and connected with water-closets upstairs. These tubs are periodically removed. Both plans are simply horrible; and that the brilliant home of civilization and science depends upon such things, or tolerates them, is sufficient to account for the fact that typhoid fever is as much at home in Paris as the vigorous mosquito on Coney Island Creek. In part of Paris a system of pneumatic sewage is now in operation as an experiment.

But these exceptions scarcely invalidate the general rule as to the vast number of cities in civilized countries—that they rid themselves of their sewage by discharging it at more or less distant points through closed conduits, the impelling force being a current of water; and commonly the refuse thus shot away by subterranean channels is cast into neighboring rivers. This is almost universal with great cities. But in no case has this failed to produce trouble. No river is great enough to swallow continuously and make harmless the enormous stream of contamination thus poured into it from populous places; neither is the ocean itself equal to this service, for the sewage of London launched upon the outgoing tide is often returned by the next tide to plague the inventors of this scheme of debasing the multitudinous seas to the office of common scavengers. The sewage of London is, of course, enormous in quantity, as the main sewers, built to accommodate their possible as well as their regular actual contents, are from nine to twelve feet in diameter. These formerly discharged all their flow directly into the Thames at the foot of the streets, until the river became itself merely a sewer, and so loaded with the city sewage that the whole volume of the river from above only slightly diluted the vile current, and the force of the stream was not sufficient to scour the channel. The consequence of this upon the health of the city, and the ruin it caused on both shores of the rivers below the city, forced the government to take the action that led to the establishment of the present scarcely more satisfactory system.

THE LONDON WAY.

By this system the sewers extend to Barking and Crossness on the Thames, below the city; and the sewage thus delivered there is retained in enormous tanks, to be discharged upon the ebb-tide. In order to get a proper elevation for the discharge, it has to be pumped up to the tanks. It is an enormously costly system, and is ineffective, for it does not accomplish, in the preservation of the purity of the river, the main purpose aimed at. The time for an outrunning tide is insufficient for the discharge of the accumulated volume; and before the contents of the tanks are run out, the foul current is running up the river, while the sea returns what had been flowing out during the immediately previous hours.

OUR OWN SYSTEM.

If it were possible to discharge the sewage from houses inhabited by one and a half million people into neighboring rivers without evil consequence, it could certainly be done in our own city, which is surrounded by a great harbor, where an enormous volume of sea-water comes and goes with every tide, and where the great force of the moving current might be thought to carry everything before it. But here also the system is a failure, is productive of evils that we must liquidate some day, and is one for which in the future we shall be compelled to provide a costly substitute. The solid substances that go down our sewers never get very far from the mouths of them, save when they are dredged out of the slips. Our slips are often only stagnant tarns of putrescent fluid whose tranquillity is little disturbed by either the tide or the current in the great rivers. Our Health Department has frequently to make vigorous representations on this subject to other departments of the city government. The fact is, that at least one hundred thousand tons of nearly solid sewage are deposited into the bottom of our rivers every month, and spreads itself out upon the bottom of the rivers, and is never taken out of the harbor. The clear and rapid rivers flow at the top, but a sluggish sedimentary stream below never washes out. What every year adds to it, and what the addition of fifty years must be, we can calculate. We never know this bottom river as a nuisance, but by means of it we are filling up the harbor.

THE SMALL TOWNS.

Great cities may thus contaminate with their sewage the rivers near them, and it is scarcely possible to imagine a situation in which this would not cause harm; yet the greatest evil done in this way is not done by the great cities. Great as they are, there are not many of them; but the numberless small cities of every country follow by thousands the same practice. In our own country, where there are no general laws to prevent the pollution of rivers, every little village and city is pouring its streams of filth every day into the rivers near it, and in proportion as they are small rivers they are the less capable of dealing with the burden.

The thoughtless farmer who puts a cesspool within ten feet of his well, contaminates his own drinking-water, and gives his children diphtheria and typhoid fever, is very commonly cited as the type of ignorant fatuity on this point; but exactly the same thing is done on a larger scale by fifty thousand villages, towns, and cities in the United States, each one of which poisons the river that is a source of water supply for its neighbor. In this case it is not an ignorant or thoughtless farmer who is to blame. It is a town corporation, advised generally by an engineer and a lawyer, which builds its sewers with a knowledge of all the consequences, and deliberately contaminates the river if it can do it safely below the point from which it must draw its own water.

Universal pollution of the small streams is a common fact. There is no part of the country exempt from this evil, for cities, villages, and hamlets drain their refuse into the creeks and rivers; the same is done by tanneries, dye works, and kerosene works in isolated places; and the barn-yards and piggeries contribute their filth in the rural regions. The fact that the people below the sources of pollution can use the water without fatal consequences has given rise to the theory that the streams possess a power of self-purification. This theory is stoutly maintained by Professor Leeds in considering the water supply of Wilmington, Delaware. He cites the Passaic River as an instance. This river receives at Paterson all the sewage of that town, which includes a great deal of chemical refuse from dye works. Sixteen miles below the city the same river is drawn upon for the water supply of Newark and Jersey City. And Professor Leeds says that at that point the water is pure. This case, and others like it, which seem to upset all theories in regard to pure water and the evil of pollution, was for a long time a puzzle; but the problem was solved by some experiments made in Massachusetts, which proved that there is in such rivers a great difference between the surface water and the bottom. The sewage, in fact, flows sluggishly at the bottom of the river, and the thin pure water flows swiftly above it. Pure water can be found at the surface, or near it; but in seasons when the river is very low many parts of it are like an open sewer. If there ever occurs one case of cholera in Paterson we shall see what the self-purification of rivers amounts to.

SEED-BEDS FOR FEVER.

Many small places discharge their sewage into streams that go dry every summer. In those cases the bottom of the river-bed is always observed to be covered with an offensive sediment, through the middle of which trickles only the liquid portion of the sewage; and the whole mass bakes in the sun and is evaporated, and the product is a goodly crop of "bilious remittent fever" in all the farm-houses for miles on either side of such a stream. Indifference to all this on the part of the people who are the victims is due simply to the fact that they are ignorant that a fever is not necessarily a visitation of divine wrath.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

What then can communities, great or small, do with this inevitable, never-ending, filthy outflowing stream of sewage? If they cast it into the streams, it is carried but a little way, and is returned with atmospheric contamination when the streams dry up. If the streams persist through all the year, the soil is carried perhaps to a town lower down, while an equivalent is received from one higher up, and the people who have for years done this injustice to their neighbors suddenly awake to an acute appreciation of the wrong when they themselves are the victims. Thousands of these communities are now wondering what they are to do with the contents of their sewers.

There is no scarcity of suggestion on this subject from the inventive portion of humanity. Four hundred and fifty patents merely for the chemical treatment of sewage were issued in England in forty years, and though the sewage question has attracted far less attention here than there, the projects are with us so numerous that the real difficulty is in choosing between proposed schemes.

The various methods hitherto tried for the disposal of sewage are these: 1. Filtration; 2. Irrigation; 3. Chemical precipitation; 4. Total destruction. Only the fourth of these regards the subject exclusively from the stand-point of public health. By the others the question of public health is complicated with economical considerations.

Filtration is practically a mechanical separation of the fluid from the solid parts of the sewage, in order that a different disposition may be made of each of these parts, while irrigation is itself a kind of filtration, differing from the other mainly in the circumstances, because it is a filtration made in the presence of growing crops, the roots of the plants assimilating as nutritive material part of the sewage. In both, moreover, there is accomplished by deposit or sedimentation that separation of the parts of the general stream of sewage which the system of precipitation effects by chemical treatment. Thus the systems are as general processes much alike, but the methods and views are so different as to justify a totally separate classification for each.

THE SEWAGE FARM.

Irrigation is the process for the disposal of sewage by the direct utilization of its nutritive material on sewage farms, as is done at Gennevilliers, near Paris, at Barking and other places below London, and at numerous other places in England, Italy, France, and our own country. The system has been in operation at the Craigentinny meadows near Edinburgh for two hundred years, and Buntzlau, in Germany, has had a sewage farm for three hundred years.

For this method of disposing of the sewage of towns it is claimed that while the towns are entirely relieved of the nuisance, the country is enormously benefited; that very poor land produces heavy crops, and is so greatly increased in value that at Craigentinny land otherwise not worth £3 rent an acre, is made worth £30; that the sewage can be made inodorous without destroying its nutritive value.

Doctor Corfield holds that by this system properly conducted the purification of the whole liquid refuse of a town is practically perfect, and has been insured even in cases where that was not the main object, but was subordinated to the sewage farmers' views of profit, and "that it is the only process known by which that purification can be effected on a large or small scale."

And its economical advantages are plain; for, in favorable cases, the sewage is a source of profit. Leamington in England and other towns sell to contractors the right to take the sewage. But where the case is not so favorable, accounts are at least balanced, and the towns are relieved of any expense in getting rid of their house waste.

LOCATION.

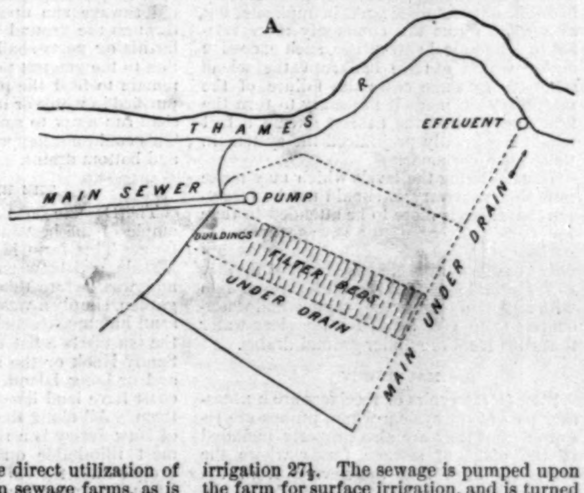
Sewage farms may be in the immediate environs of the towns whose sewage they take, or at greater distances, though the greater the distance the heavier, of course, will be the original cost of the work. At Pullman, in Illinois, the sewage farm is three miles from the town. At Breslau, in Germany, a town of 250,000 inhabitants, the sewage farm is also about three miles away. At Dantzic the sewage farm is two miles from the city. It is not found in these cases that the farm has any unfavorable effect upon the atmosphere of the towns; for though in certain cases sewage farms are malodorous neighbors, in others their existence even is not indicated in this way.

AREA NEEDED.

Between the quantity of sewage and the ground necessary for exhausting its offensive qualities, the relation taken from the population of the town varies from an acre for one hundred to an acre for one thousand. The sewage farm of Breslau actually contains 1000 acres, but it is found that 250 acres are all that the sewage will irrigate, and the same land will serve for at least ten years. At Dantzic the sewage farm contains 1200 acres, but only one-third of it is used. The sewage amounts to 3,000,000 gallons daily in dry weather, and 4,000,000 in wet weather. For the sewage farms of the city of Berlin 11,000 acres are in possession of the municipality, but not all is used; and over twenty thousand acres are available for the future. In this case the municipal government has had to provide for the growth of a great city, and the proportion of land is not an indication of the necessary ratio for other places. Berlin has a population now nearly equal to that of New York city, but the population of the sewered area is only about nine hundred thousand. The daily outflow of sewage is equal to twenty gallons a day for each person. Berlin adopted the farm system only after experiments with all others, which were costly and unsatisfactory. At Milan, in Italy, a sewage farm is exceedingly profitable, though the farm for that city is 4000 acres in extent, and thus the proportion of population to an acre is enormously below that given for Breslau.

The plan of the sewage farm at Abingdon, England, is shown in the diagram A. The total area is 48 acres, but all is not in use. For filtration there are 6½ acres; and for surface irrigation 27½. The sewage is pumped upon the farm for surface irrigation, and is turned into the filter beds only when the flow is too great for the farm.

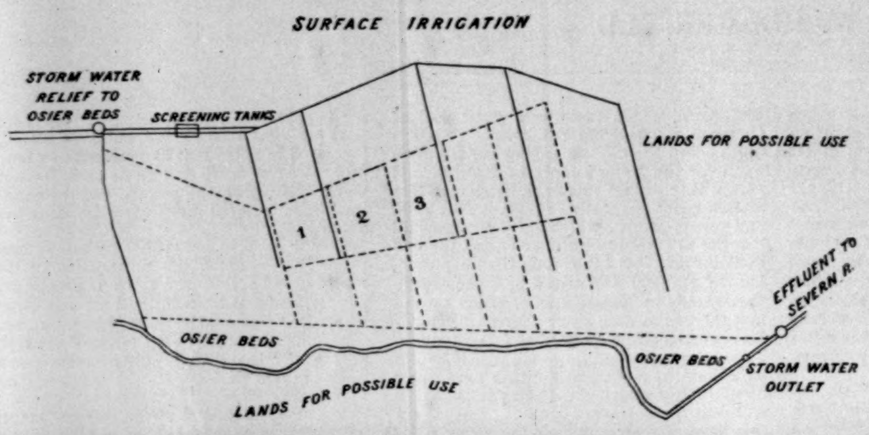
A



Abingdon has about six thousand inhabitants, and the daily flow of sewage in dry weather is 200,000 gallons. In wet weather the flow is doubled.

The sewage farm of Malvern (diagram B) contains six acres. The system is so planned that storm water can be turned in a conduit which leads it to a special part of the farm where osiers are raised in the bottom-land of

B



a small stream. The heavy lines show the sewage delivery, and the dotted lines the scheme of under-drainage.

An abundance of land in the neighborhood of the farm is held for possible future use as part of the farm.

CONVEYANCE OF SEWAGE.

Given a farm of such a size and location as may meet the requirements of the given case, the sewage should be conveyed thither in pipes or otherwise, just as sewage would be conveyed in any other circumstance—if, for instance, it were to be discharged into a river or into the sea. This involves only the ordinary engineering and sanitary problems of effective and economical conveyance. Close conduits are certainly preferable in all cases, for the transit is more rapid and the sewage is less changed. It is desirable that the sewage should reach the farm in a fresh state. All the nuisance that has been produced by sewage farms has been due to the arrival of sewage already well advanced in the process of putrefaction, and therefore exceedingly offensive. In many cases sewage has been conveyed to farms for a great part of the way in open ditches, upon the theory that the mere oxidation of the surface of such a sluggish stream would deodorize the whole; this theory being supported, perhaps, by the consideration that it is a great deal cheaper to dig ditches than to lay pipes. But this exposure swiftly facilitates putrefaction, and has the perhaps still greater detriment of leading to expensive litigation, or the violent protest of land-owners along the way. As related to the conveyance of the sewage, a pre-eminent point is that the site of the farm shall have such a relation to the level of the city that pumping may not be necessary.

IMPORTANCE OF THE LEVEL.

Several other important problems besides that of additional expense are involved in the necessity of the resort to pumps, and one of these is the health of the place sewered. In some cases the pumping machinery, either because it gets out of order itself, or because the flow becomes accidentally greater than usual, is found to be unable to discharge the stream; the receiving tanks fill, the sewage is backed up, and the system temporarily fails. If 10,000,000 gallons of sewage have to be raised 100 feet in 24 hours, there must be a force of 300 horse-power working constantly, and any halt or any derangement of the machinery is a calamity of consequence. For the flow of sewage, like a natural fact, goes on forever, and the machinery must be equal to that extreme requirement. If it were a case of public expenditure, where the general health was the only point contemplated, and no proper limit to expenditure could be considered, there could be always kept machinery in duplicate, or storage tanks in duplicate; but as sewage farms are commonly more related to economical enterprises, such excessive outlay would at once bankrupt the whole scheme. In some cases the failure of the machinery has made it necessary to turn the flow directly into the nearest stream, a fact which has greatly prejudiced the system in those neighborhoods.

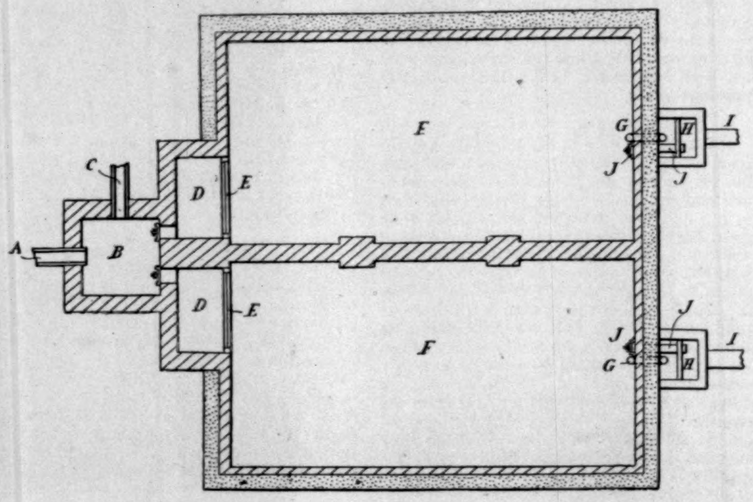
In calculating the levels which may make pumping necessary, it should not be forgotten that there is more to be attended to than the mere delivery of the sewage upon the surface of the farm. The farm must not only be sufficiently below the level of the city to make that easy, but it must be also so high with regard to surrounding regions and water-courses as to give a fall for the clear water that runs from the under-ground drains.

MACHINERY.

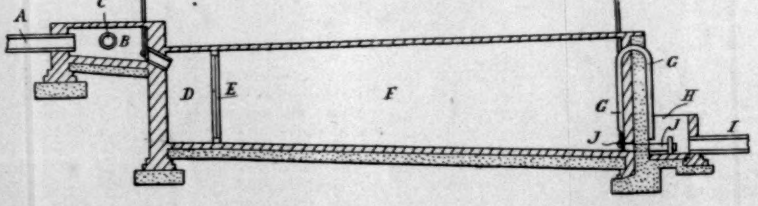
Storage reservoirs or receivers are a necessary part of the system where pumps are required; but they are also properly included in the plans of sewage farms where the levels are such that the sewage from the town may be run directly to the farm. In these cases they are employed, because it is held by some that it is not desirable to run the sewage upon the ground at all times. With some managers of sewage farms it is held that the sewage may be put upon the ground at all times, and the crops will take it when they want it, thus making the fields themselves the storage-place. There are differences of detail that may depend in some degree upon the nature of the land.

Plans for storage vary infinitely. None is simpler or more effective than those contrived by Denton as meter tanks. The ground-plan and longitudinal section of these are shown in diagrams C and D. These are especially contrived for the automatic discharge upon the land of fixed quantities of sewage at given hours, and they affect also some degree of sedimentation. Though planned for a small scale, the conception is good for any scale.

C



D



UNDER-DRAINS.

Every sewage farm that has proved a success has been under-drained in the most thorough way; and under-drainage, as well as a proper choice of soil, may be looked upon as necessary conditions of success, as the liquid sewage run upon the fields must pass through the ground in such a way that its fertilizing parts shall be exposed to oxidation to the greatest possible extent, and shall remain to feed the plants; while the water, purified in whole or in part by this operation, shall run away to some neighboring stream. This could not happen without a porous soil and bottom drains.

THE BEST SOIL.

The Dantzic farm affords an excellent example of the best kind of soil for this purpose. This farm is near the mouth of the Vistula, and between that river and the sea; and was, before this experience made it a garden, simply a waste expanse of the desert sand hummocks, such as is found wherever the sea meets a flat coast, a soil like that of Sandy Hook or the sea-fringe of Coney Island or Long Island. All the cities on our coast have land like this in abundance near them. All along the coast-line of the State of New Jersey is a region fitted to digest almost illimitable quantities of sewage, yet every summer gives experience of the unsatisfactory arrangements made for the sewerage of that important centre of summer population. Where the great advantage of such a soil is to be had, the simplest form of under-drainage will fit the land for a proper disposition of sewage, as this very porous earth is a rapid and ready filter, and it would require many years of service to clog it. But in the absence of a region of sea-sand, a gravelly loam does very well; the fact being general, however, that land which in the ordinary sense would be the poorest farming land is the best for a farm of this nature. Rich land is simply land that in the course of the centuries has retained the nutritive elements that have been washed upon it, or otherwise cast there, and such land would so retain the sewage that the plants could not thrive.

But a mere clay soil needs other treatment than under-drainage, as clay alone is too compact for the sewage to pass through. This soil needs to be broken up and lightened with other mixtures. City ashes has in some of the experiments been found a very satisfactory material for this use.

METHODS OF DELIVERY.

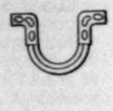
Various methods are in use for delivering the sewage upon the surface of the farm. At Milan, in Italy, it is simply run upon the surface from the conduits in quantity sufficient to submerge any given field or part of the farm—each part being surrounded by a dike to retain the fluid within the limits where it is wanted. The Milan farm is very successful; but this system would very likely not be a good one for any country with less sunshine than Italy. Practically it makes a wet meadow, and a wet meadow in this country soon runs down to the mere production of swamp plants and malaria. The sun of Italy may warm up such a soil; ours will not.

Other methods scarcely more satisfactory are the different systems of underground delivery—either by dikes very near the surface, with hose attachments, or by the main underground drains. The outlets being stopped so that the current, which ordinarily runs from the ground into the drains, shall be at certain times in the other direction. Against the first of these systems the overwhelming objection is the addition it makes to the cost of the plant. By the other plan the general result is that the current of sewage becoming nearly stationary in the pipes, sedimentation results to a great extent, clear water runs into the ground, and when the outward current is again established, the matter left in the pipes is washed out, and thus sewage is run into the streams, and the purpose of the farm fails, in part at least.

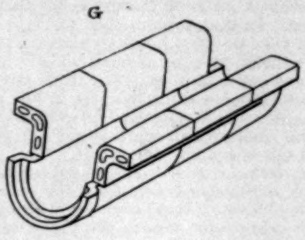
Apparently the method of distribution known as the "pane and ridge system" is the one by which the best results of irrigation are obtained with the least objectionable consequence. By this the surface is divided into a succession of "panes" or wide strips. The word pane, obsolete in ordinary use in this sense, or retained only in the phrase pane of glass, imports a slightly inclined division of the surface with a ridge along one side and a depression or furrow at the other side. There is a pane at each side of each ridge, and along the crest of the ridge is a shallow trench into which the sewage is directly run from the pipes. (The profile of this is shown by diagram E.) As the sewage runs in this shallow stream it is intended that it shall overflow and pass down the surface of the panes. As the inclination must be a very moderate one, it passes slowly and goes into the ground, its final subsidence being toward the depression that is between two panes, and below which is the outgoing drain. As this process is liable to vagaries—the trench may become stopped, the sewage establish streams and run away too rapidly at one place while another gets no nutriment—this method requires the regular superintendence of a workman for a given space, to watch it and see that the land is fed equally, to dam the flow at one place and make a freer way for it at another. One workman can superintend a very large space, and his help is more satisfactory than machinery, and cheaper.

One mechanical improvement on this process, however, has been found inexpensive and advantageous. This is to set gutters open at the top along the crest of the ridges, instead of running the sewage along them on the ground itself. (Patterns for these are shown in the diagrams F and G.) With depressions in the upper edge of such a gutter at either side to regulate the outlet, the flow is very well under control. The gutters may be made permanent, or be made of very light material, so that they can be used at different places, and can be easily moved from point to point.

F



G



A good width is seventy feet from two furrows, including the ridge between; and a fall of eight or ten inches from the ridge to the furrows is better than more or less.

DEPTH OF DRAINS.

Six feet beneath the ground is regarded as a good depth for the drains where the soil is porous, but if the soil is a close and heavy one, drains placed at that depth will not relieve it with sufficient rapidity to make way for the fresh flow, and the ground will be kept in a condition of saturation detrimental to the crops. It must be kept in mind, however, that the main purpose of the farm is to neutralize the injurious qualities of liquid sewage, and to so treat it that the water which runs from the drains shall be as nearly as possible pure water. The percolation to shallow drains will not do much toward purification.

INDUSTRIAL WASTE.

If the refuse from factories and the waste from dye works, or other waste largely charged with chemicals, are run into the sewers, that sewage cannot be used in irrigation. In every case there should be some system of freeing the sewage from things that get into the sewer and are not properly sewage. This may be done by the use of settling tanks, or by passing the stream through a grating; but chemical refuse becomes, of course, an inseparable part of the stream, and is in operation destructive to the crops. An essential condition, therefore, of the use of sewage in irrigation is that the town authorities shall exercise such a supervision as will prevent the discharge of factory waste into the sewers.

THE SEPARATE SYSTEM.

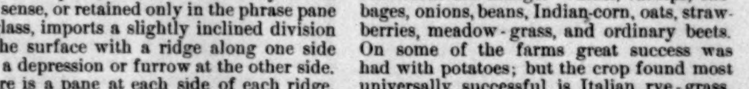
For the best results of irrigation it is also desirable that storm water should be excluded from the sewers, since this is merely a large occasional dilution of the stream, and also adds to it large quantities of such undesirable elements as the wash of the streets or roads, stone dust, lime, etc. Towns that are sewered on the "separate" or Waring system are the most favorably situated for this method of disposal. Indeed, this is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the use of the separate system in the sewering of small cities or towns.

CROPS.

Sewer farms have been found somewhat more favorable to certain crops than to others, but a large variety of products are successfully raised. The crops that have been successful are mangel-wurzel, turnips, cabbages, onions, beans, Indian-corn, oats, strawberries, meadow-grass, and ordinary beets. On some of the farms great success was had with potatoes; but the crop found most universally successful is Italian rye-grass. Sewage farms have been found exceedingly profitable in England as dairy farms and as stock farms.

An English official commission dealing

E



with the subject of crops says: "Italian rye-grass is probably in all respects the most advantageous crop to be sown under sewage, as it absorbs the largest volume of sewage, occupies the soil so as to choke down weeds, comes early in the market in spring, continues through the summer and autumn, having from five to seven cuttings in the year, and producing upon each acre from thirty to fifty tons of wholesome grass. The area placed under this crop must, however, have reference to local means of consumption, as the young grass will not keep nor bear long carriage. It is most profitable for feeding milch-cows. A dairy and a sewage farm should therefore, whenever practicable, be associated. In a dry and warm summer good hay may be made, and will be sweet and wholesome."

At Warwick very large crops of Italian grass were raised, and these in one year sold at $5 a ton. If the produce was equal to that at Craigentinny—say 70 tons an acre for the season—this would give a product of $350 an acre, and a sewage farm would be a gold mine. Dairy farmers in England have found the Italian rye-grass more favorable for the production of milk than ordinary meadow-grass.

The subject of ensilage has been considered in England in regard to that feature of the Italian grass, and referred to by the Local Government Board report touching the necessity of having in neighboring dairy farms an immediate market for the newly cut green grass, as it will not keep and cannot be carried. There is no sweeter or more succulent product than this grass, it appears, nor any more fitted for preservation in siloes for use as green food during the winter, especially since the system of permitting a "haying fermentation" in the siloes preserves the saccharine material in the grass, and prevents its conversion into lactic acid.

THE SANITARY QUALITY OF SEWAGE-FARM CROPS.

Naturally the grass fed to milking cows has a very important possible relation to the health of the community which consumes the milk, and the quality of the milk of cows fed from sewage farms has therefore been closely inquired into and submitted to very rigid chemical investigation. How such milk might be vitiated is obvious in the light of the known physiological relation between the food of an animal and the condition of its various secretions. Indeed, if pure sweet grass is a necessary condition of pure sweet milk, it seems almost impossible that the lush and exuberant crops of the highly stimulated sewage farms should not in this respect have a faulty result.

But very little has been actually proved against the dairy product of sewage farms. It has been shown by Mr. Smee (*Milk in Health and Disease*) that the milk of cows fed from sewage farms changes sooner than other milk, and does not merely become sour, but becomes putrid. It is also shown that butter made from the milk of such cows does not keep at all, but rapidly becomes rancid. These evidences of instability in the compounds are perhaps rather evidences of overfeeding, and the production of a febrile condition in the animals than a proof that the food is bad. But while it is not proved that these products are bad, it is certain that the subject is yet an open one; and where there is a doubt the public health should have the benefit of it. It is known that many cases of typhoid fever have been directly traced to the use of contaminated milk—milk infected by the typhoid bacillus; and though such cases generally relate to other than sewage farms, and to the use by the cattle of impure water rather than impure food, it establishes the fact that this component part of all our food easily becomes a vehicle of disease. It is impossible that the sewage of towns should be free from the microbes that produce our various maladies; streams from the sewers must be abundantly inhabited by them, and as they are spread freely upon the fields, there is no reason in the physical conditions of vegetation to prevent them from passing on with the grasses into the bodies and veins of cows.

Some of the dainty dishes of the table are raised on sewage farms, some that come to the table just as they are grown, and without having passed through the modifying processes of cookery—strawberries, lettuce, celery, cucumbers, are part of the sewage-farm crops. It may be no more than prejudice, but if it was known of any given lot of these products that they came from a sewer farm it would not help their sale; and the possible harm they may do was forcibly put forward a few years since when Paris was threatened with a cholera epidemic, for then the sanitary authorities warned the people against the use of vegetables from the sewage farm at Gennevilliers.

PREJUDICES COUNT.

Perhaps if an evil is only in our thoughts it is an evil all the same, for average humanity is not so stolid as to be indifferent about even the odor of its strawberries. There may, however, be in an ordinary garden, or on an ordinary farm where the soil is what is called "a rich mould," just as much of the ultimate substance of sewage as upon a sewage farm; for one is a piece of very poor soil, perhaps mere sea sand, suddenly enriched by great additions of various sorts of decayed fertilizers; while the other, perhaps originally poor also, has been enriched less suddenly, but practically in the same way and by the same things.

Nevertheless this objection of the possible bad quality of sewage-farm products as food for either man or beast must be kept in view as part of the case in regard to this plan of disposing of sewage, and is likely in many instances to remain an obstacle of the first importance. But this objection would cease to count if the farms were utilized for raising other crops than those to be used for food, or crops that would only become food after elaborate chemical treatment. It has been found in some farms on the Continent that the beets of sewage farms had considerably more sugar in them than other beets. The potatoes of sewage farms would be as good as any others for starch at least. Thus there are things that might be raised without involving directly the food issue.

THE UTTERMOST FLY.

Another objection made to sewage farms is that regarding flies. Every variety of these pests naturally abounds at these places, especially the worst varieties; and the fly as a conveyer of infection might fairly be expected to find his paradise there. Charbon, or the malignant pustule, is a disease which shows how deadly may be the contact of an insect in the neighborhood of putrefying animal substances; and this would be a consideration of deep interest to all communities living near a sewage farm. Even the fly himself, if perfectly innocuous so far as concerns disease, would be bad enough—and flies would abundantly breed on such farms—but the fly as an active agent in the dissemination of disease would be an evil of great moment.

MICROBES.

Microscopical studies of disease have made it certain that several of the maladies that scourge communities under the name of epidemics are propagated by discharges from the person which in all water-closeted towns and cities go into the sewers. Asiatic cholera is certainly propagated in that way, and one of the great securities against the spread of that disease in the cities of civilized countries is the possession of a sewerage system that so deals with the sewage as to make it impossible for it to become a source of contamination to the water or to the food supplies of the city. Cholera in this city, for instance, would have for the people of the city far less gravity than cholera in any part of that rural district which is included in the Croton water-shed. In the city we might have a hundred cases of cholera, and yet isolate them, and prevent its spread, and stamp it out; but one case of cholera in a country house near some nameless little stream that finally runs down to the Croton River—some little house on a farm whose superficial filth a heavy rain washes into the river—would contaminate our water, and the first evidence we should have of the trouble would be the appearance of the disease, perhaps, in many hundred houses on the same day.

Although this fact of the presence of the germs of disease in sewage is not one of the obvious facts of life that constantly force themselves upon the attention of the people, yet it is as much a fact as fire and frost are facts, and may be as certainly depended upon to assert itself when the occasion arises. It would therefore be a criminal folly to leave it out of sight in considering the sewage farm as a sanitary contrivance; for while such a farm no doubt is a good contrivance for neutralizing on a large scale the generally offensive and harmful qualities of house refuse, it does not kill the specific germs of disease, and may, on the contrary, become an effective machinery for propagating and spreading these deadly agents.

IS THE STREAM PURIFIED?

But the trouble about disease germs is not confined to sewage-farm products that go to market either as fresh vegetables or as dairy products. It concerns also the ultimate outflow through the ground drains, and consequently the final effect of the farm itself as a sanitary instrument. As we have already seen, the theory and practice of the farm is the delivery upon its surface of the filthy stream of sewage from a city or town in such a way that the stream shall pass through the soil near to the roots of plants, leaving in the soil all, or nearly all, that makes the stream sewage, and running out of the drains under the farm the same stream less the sewer elements—the same stream restored as nearly as possible to the purity it possessed before the water was pressed into service as a carrier of the sewer elements from the houses of the city. An essential point of the case, therefore, and a sort of final test of the practical value of the farm, are involved in the inquiry whether the water that thus flows from the farm is in fact pure, whether its passage through six feet of ground has deprived it of its dangerous qualities, and whether it may be run into streams without harm. All those persons who believe that the sewage of a city of 60,000 inhabitants like Paterson, New Jersey, may be run into a river, and that the water supply of two large cities may safely be taken from the same river at a distance of twelve miles down, will consider this a ridiculous inquiry; but such persons may not be good authorities on a point of this nature.

All the scientific testimony is to the effect that a final and absolute purification of the water from sewage is not produced by the processes of the sewer farm; but it does appear that in a general way its harmful and offensive qualities are lost. At the Baddington Meadows, near Croyden, in England, the effluent water from a sewage farm was found upon analysis to be substantially as pure as the water supply of the town—the one containing twenty-two grains of various impurities to the gallon, the other twenty-three. The effluent from a sewage farm in the same region where the soil was clay was found to be absolutely pure. The Rivers Pollution Commission found in the case of the Croyden discharge that during a whole year the proportion of organic matters in the effluent water was a good deal below what would be regarded as making the water an improper or offensive addition to a river. But the degree of purification was markedly less in freezing weather. At Warwick, where the soil is also clay, the water flowing from the farm was reported to be "as bright and limpid and free from any offence whatever as a stream could be." Sometimes on a farm with a sandy soil it is found that there is no effluent water—that is to say, none at the drains. This was the case at Carlisle in Scotland. The water passes so rapidly through the open sandy soil that it does not get into the drains, but falls below them. It has of course some remote and unknown outlet where it bubbles from the earth as a beautiful spring, and excites perhaps the enthusiasm of the rural poets, and is the *fons Bandusiæ* of that region. Perhaps, indeed, it is then as pure as any water flowing from the ground ever is. At Romford, in England, was observed the singular result that the effluent water from the farm contained the same proportion of solids as the sewage, yet was pure water in the sense that it was fit for use as drinking water, it having left in the farm all the sewage elements and taken up various salts. The analyses are given in the report of the British Association Sewage Committee for 1870.

From these and many other cases it appears that the water from a sewage farm on a clay soil is perfectly pure so far as relates to chemical tests, but is less pure from sandy farms, where it is sometimes lost altogether, and that the result is upon the whole satisfactory. This is a point of great moment, as the small towns all over a country like ours must ultimately run the water somewhere, and it is well to know that they may safely run it into the little streams in their neighborhood. Certainly, from the point of view of sanitary safety, there is the widest possible difference between running this water into the rivers and running into them directly the untreated sewage of towns or cities.

BACTERIA.

As judged under the microscope, however, the water that is chemically pure may still be dangerous in consequence of the presence of microbes, or true disease germs. Dr. Koch, of Berlin, the discoverer of the cholera microbe, contemplates the absolute absence of microbes from water as an impossibility, but the microbes may be harmless or otherwise. He says "the number of micro-organisms in good water varies from 10 to 150 per cubic centimetre. If the number exceed this limit, the water must be suspected as contaminated; if it reaches 1000, the water should be condemned." Especially should the use of such water be forbidden and prevented in a year of cholera epidemics.

But because microbes existing in sewage may pass through the whole depth of a sewage farm, and pass out with water that has all the appearance of purity, yet it is not certain that they do; it is a possible danger only, and not a certain one. On the contrary, there is some good evidence that the sewage is freed from microbes as well as from other undesirable things, and it even appears that sewage from a city in which there is cholera does not give off cholera germs into the atmosphere. Milan has had three epidemics of cholera during the period in which the sewage from that city has gone to a sewage farm, and not a case occurred on or near the farm.

NATURE'S DANGER SIGNAL.

Nature has supplied what may fairly be regarded as a danger signal to indicate the contamination of streams by sewage; and the discovery of this signal in a stream receiving the effluent from a sewage farm would be a certain evidence that the water was not pure. This signal is the sewage fungus—the *beggiatoa alba*. This is a fungoid plant that grows abundantly in sewage streams and in some other impure waters, and forms dense, flocculent grayish white masses attached to the bottoms and sides of the channel. It is seen under the microscope to consist of an immense number of colorless threads, containing bright, strongly refractive granular particles of globular form. These particles are pure sulphur.

It is, therefore, rather a sulphur plant than a sewage plant, and its occurrence in sewage streams is due to the fact that sulphur in some form makes up so large a part of the impurity in streams charged with animal detritus. This fungus has been found in thermal sulphur springs, and it has been found in large quantities in the liquid waste from factories where sulphur was used in any part of the process carried on. It is consequently assumed that it has the power of extracting sulphur from the current in which it grows.

FILTRATION.

Closely related to the method of disposing of sewage by using it in the irrigation of a sewage farm is the process of filtration. By this method the substances held in suspension in sewage are mechanically separated from the water that holds them, the water being then run into neighboring streams, and the solid parts utilized as manure, commonly in combination with substances used in the process of filtration. Although this whole process is mainly mechanical, some chemistry is involved in it, in so far as the water is purified in part at least by the oxidation of its ultimate impurities.

Between filtration and irrigation there is, moreover, no difference as to the preliminary requirements of delivery at a place reasonably remote from the town—far enough away not to be offensive, yet not so far that the cost for piping shall be too heavy. But in this case the sewage is run through a screen and upon a filter bed instead of on the surface of the farm.

By passing the stream through a screen or perforated dam, or through a first filtering course made of slag broken in huge masses, the current is cleared of all things that are not sewage, and of much, perhaps, that is, but that it is advantageous to exclude from the proper filtering bed, because of its liability to clog the bed.

THE FILTER BED.

To make the filter bed, pipe drains are laid, so disposed as to effectively carry away the effluent water, and then the space above them is filled much as the farmer makes a stone drain. Broken stone in successive layers, larger below and smaller above, is laid over the drain to within six inches or a foot of the surface, and then covered with ordinary mould. This is the substantial idea of the filter bed, but the details may be varied to accommodate the case to local convenience. If, for instance, gravel and sand are handy, nearly the whole bed may be made from them. Peat has been used in the filter bed, and peat charcoal and chalk and gypsum; and very different results have been found with different soils, the finer and more porous soils always doing better than others.

Filter beds have been made at various times and places from the following substances: gravel, sand, moor earth, burned clay, pumice-stone, coke, animal charcoal, wood charcoal, peat, carbonized sea-weed, shales, lignite, spent dye-woods, sawdust, shavings, rushes, fagots, straw, spongy iron, magnetic iron ore, manganese, scrap iron. In fact, ingenuity has been exhausted in contriving the application to this use of new substances that shall be at once effective and cheap. It has proved in some cases a help in making a profitable use of waste things. But no perfect success has been attained, simply because it is impossible; for as the sewage must run through the mass, whatever it will best run through at first it will most certainly fill up and clog at last.

The area for filtration has been prepared in various ways and upon very different conceptions of cost. One English authority, Mr. Bailey Denton, puts the average cost of preparation at $350 an acre. Dr. Corfield estimates the cost of making a good filter bed on clay land at from $3000 to $4000 per acre. An acre is regarded as sufficient to purify the sewage of 5000 persons. But estimates on this point differ very greatly. One board of commissioners in England thought that "the sewage of a water-closet town of 10,000 inhabitants could at a moderate estimate be cleansed upon five acres of land."

UPWARD FILTRATION.

All this relates to what is known as "downward filtration," for there is also an upward filtration. Although these differences—which, in fact, are, as they seem to be, related to the direction of the flow—sound mechanical enough, the real distinction in the result is a chemical one. The downward flow produces a change in the sewage by oxidation; the upward flow does not. Upward filtration involves a more elaborate machinery, as the stream is sent in at the bottom of the filter bed, and is forced upward through it, flowing away along the surface. Extensive trials of this method made in England appear to prove the nullity of the results. The sewage was not purified, and was not even clarified.

DOWNWARD FILTRATION OXIDIZES.

In downward filtration the stream flowing from the exposed surface of the bed carries air with it, and the consequence is the initiation in the bed itself of a process of oxidation, which is but the first step in a series of chemical changes, for the nitrogenous substances in the sewage give up their nitrogen to the oxygen with which they are thus brought in relation. Nitric acid thus produced, combining in various proportions with whatever bases may be in the soil, forms nitrates and nitrites, and this is essential purification.

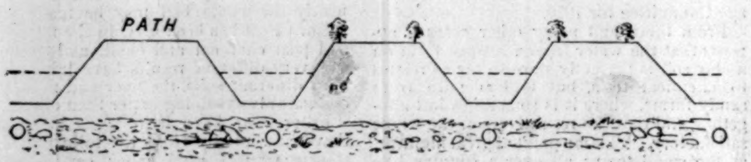
Downward filtration is in England commonly called "intermittent downward filtration." The word "intermittent," as thus used, does not imply any peculiarity in the process of filtration, but only that there must be several filter beds which shall be "intermittently" used. Professor Frankland's scheme was that there should be three filter beds, each one of which should be used eight hours and rested sixteen in each twenty-four. The rest was to give the soil a chance to dry out, the theory being that it would be thus less liable to become clogged. But drying does not remove what clogs the bed, and when the next flow wets it again it resumes its activity in the way of interference.

THE STREAM IS NOT PURIFIED.

By filtration the purification of the water is not so effective as by irrigation, and the outflowing water has in some cases been described as merely diluted sewage. In this respect the plan only accomplishes in part the object of avoiding the contamination of streams, and it is wasteful, as in this partly purified water is lost the fertilizing material that would be most effective in aiding the growth of crops and least objectionable on the land. There is left, however, as a consequence of the filtration, much solid material, of which it has hitherto not been found practicable to make any profitable use. Indeed, if this material is carried elsewhere for use on land, the cost of handling and carrying would be equal to its value, and at the place to which it may be carried it could only be employed as it might be on a sewage farm, and perhaps with less advantage.

In many cases the sewage disposal method is practically a compromise between irrigation and filtration; although the system may be called one or the other, as the methods of either predominate. Some crops are raised on places that nominally dispose of their sewage only by filtration; and the plant preferred in these cases is cabbage. Instead of confining themselves to the strict limits of a filter bed made for filtration only, they run the sewage upon a larger area, where the land is furrowed so deeply that the furrows are practically ditches. Diagram H shows this method.

H



Sewage which has passed through the slag or screen to remove the grosser solids is flowed into the furrows, and cabbages are raised on the ridges between the furrows. By this plan there is an economy of the fertilizing water, and the effluent water is more effectively purified.

On the other hand there is no sewage farm where some filtration is not practised before the sewage is put upon the farm, if it be only that necessary to remove bones, rags, papers, or similar things; and the best results have been had upon farms where filtration has been carried much further. This fact of the satisfactory result of a combination of the two methods has given rise to the opinion that the nearest point to a perfect working solution of the problem of sewage will be touched when a complete combination of the two plans is put in operation—when filtering works receive the sewage, and a sewage farm at a lower level is irrigated with the effluent from the filter beds.

STRAINING.

Some towns in England have disposed of their sewage by straining out the less soluble parts, and running the impure waters directly into the rivers. At Banbury, for instance, the sewage is run into tanks, where it stands to settle. All the soluble parts of the sewage that the water contains above the point of saturation here fall to the bottom with the undissolved solids, and the water is then run off through strainers into the Cherwell River. Nearly the same process is operated at Chelmsford, at Ely, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and at Rugby. It thus happens that the Avon, which flows so gently in the old song, is not particularly sweet for the whole of its length. The solid parts of sewage thus left in the tanks or other places of collection are mixed with town ashes and street dirt and sold as manure. It sells freely, and the money thus obtained pays for the removal from the town of the material thus mixed with the sewage. But the free discharge into the rivers of the liquid part of the sewage contaminates them, of course; and the only thing that can be said for this plan, from a sanitary point of view, is that it is better than sending into the river the whole stream just as it flows from the sewers.

PRECIPITATION.

Precipitation is produced by the addition to the sewage of some body that shall form an inseparable compound with the offensive parts of the sewage, and is, consequently, a process for the chemical separation of the contents of the sewer stream from the water. Precipitation with lime, as the system is in use in a large number of English towns, is one of the simplest methods. By this process the sewage is received into a reservoir, and a mixture of simple newly slaked lime is added to the stream as it flows. Three pounds of lime will make the mixture—"milk of lime"—necessary for one thousand gallons of sewage. There is a copious deposit, and the water flows away in a clear stream. The remaining substance is dried and sold as manure. The English Sewage of Towns Commission reported that this process, though the least costly of any, did not purify the water, and that the residue had very little value as manure.

The water is clarified only and not in any respect purified. As it goes into the river it contains most of the constituents of the sewage that are valuable in an agricultural sense and about half the putrescent or putrescible organic matter. At some places the rivers below the inlet of this clear stream were reported to be in a "most offensive condition of putrefaction." In the river the things that are soluble in the clear stream are again precipitated. Farmers at first bought this manure at twelve shillings sterling a ton, for the rural idea is that the value of manure is in close proportion to its offensive odor. But experience taught them, and the price fell to one shilling a ton.

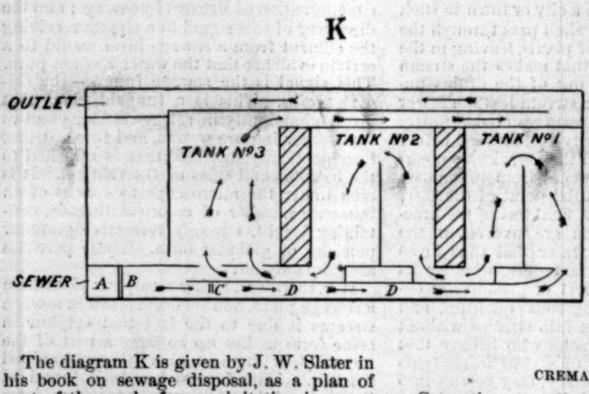
Another precipitation process that was used in England was a modification of this one. By this each million gallons of sewage was mixed with twelve bushels of lime and six gallons of chloride of iron. This process effectively deodorized the sewage, but putrefaction was only deferred. The sewage of Northampton was treated in this way and the effluent water run into the river New, and it eventually so fouled that river that the Court of Chancery granted an injunction against it.

Perhaps the most widely known of the precipitation processes in use in England is what is called the A, B, C process (from its constituent elements—alum, blood, clay, charcoal). For this a mixture is made of crude sulphate of alumina (clay and sulphuric acid) with other clay, charcoal, and freshly drawn blood, and this is mingled with the sewage as it flows into the reservoirs. The precipitate, a soft black mud, is run into drying moulds, from which it is taken in a nearly solid state, and more perfectly dried. This solid matter makes good manure, but the works at which the sewer is treated are regarded by the neighbors as pestilential in character, while the water that runs away is still practically sewage, not having been purified in a much higher degree than the effluent from the lime process. Many experiments were made with the A B C mixture upon London sewage, and the investigating authorities, referring to the effluent, said, "On no occasion, even when mixed with more than four times its volume of clean river water, was the effluent sewage other than a polluting liquid, offensive to the senses even at the moment of discharge, and always unfit to be admitted into running water." The English Royal Commission on the Pollution of Rivers spoke strongly against this process.

No method of precipitation yet used has been satisfactory either in its effect upon the outflowing water or in the production of good manure for the residue, or in the financial result.

As precipitation is applied, however, it is generally not merely a chemical process. It is not strictly precipitation, according to the definition given above. It is combined of sedimentation, precipitation, and occlusion. Much material already insoluble as the sewage arrives "settles" at the bottom of the receptacles, much is precipitated, and much is "absorbed" or entangled in the material used, forming a mechanical and not a chemical compound with it. This is what occurs in all cases where charcoal, clay, ashes, peat, or similar substances are used, and what occurs in great measure with certain of the forms of lime, especially gypsum.

K



The diagram K is given by J. W. Slater in his book on sewage disposal, as a plan of part of the works for precipitation in use at Aylesbury, England, where this system is said to have given satisfaction for some years. The current of sewage flows from the town by gravitation, enters the works at the left-hand end at the bottom, flows in the direction shown by the arrows, and runs out at the left hand at the top. At the entrance the stream passes through a grating, which stops rags, etc.; at B it receives a deodorizing or purifying mixture, and the precipitating mixture enters at C. Any one of the three tanks can be shut out of the current by openings arranged for that purpose. For the removal of the sewer mud, deposit, or precipitate, which subsides to the bottom of the tanks, "sludge" pipes are adjusted which open from the bottom of each tank, and lead to a place adapted for receiving this substance. At the proper time these pipes are opened and the residue is pumped through them, and the tanks are cleared.

It will be observed that in this system the current of sewage, as it traverses the whole course, turns corners at least nine times, and changes direction from bottom to top, or from top to bottom, five times. This device of changing the direction of a stream through vats or other receptacles is one that is commonly employed where it is desirable to make currents that shall scour the sides and bottom of the receptacle, in order to prevent deposit or settling. It is a plan well adapted for preventing, in some degree, precisely what it is desired shall happen in receptacles of this nature. As the sewage stream in this Aylesbury receptacle must be lifted for final discharge from the bottom to the top, the force for this is added to that necessary to keep the stream in motion, and must give it impulse enough to scour very thoroughly the parts beneath the partitions, and the volume of water sweeping under these divisions should carry with it a great part of what should be deposited in the other angles. All deposit, therefore, taking place in these vats is in spite of adverse physical conditions; and this diagram is given as the best example of what should be avoided in the plan of receptacles of this nature.

If it is an essential part of the works at Aylesbury that the sewage shall flow from the top, the force of the stream behind it is of course necessary to produce that result; but this effect is obtained at the expense of the purpose for which the reservoirs are intended, or at the expense of some part of that purpose, as an effective separation of the precipitate is not possible in a running stream.

To get the best result of subsidence in tanks the sewage should be delivered successively into each tank, the flow being turned into the second only when the first is filled. By the time the stream has been turned into the third or fourth the first may be run off, having been undisturbed meanwhile. The precipitating mixture, mingling with the stream as it enters, will be effectively distributed through the contents of each tank by the force of the falling stream.

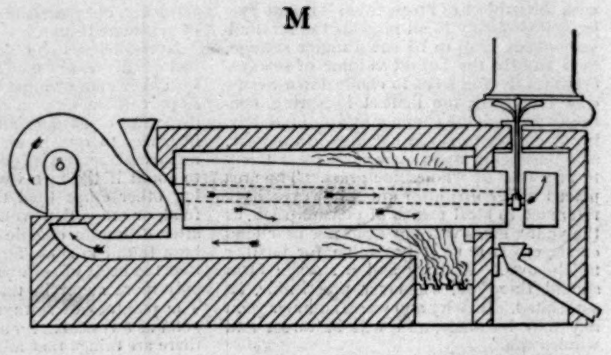
LIERNUR'S SYSTEM.

The system known as Liernur's, which is in use in many places in European countries, is an adaptation to modern cities of the Chinese pail system; and a more satisfactory adaptation than that of the *fosses mobiles* of Paris. By this system it is recognized that the effective separation of the fertilizing material in sewage from the water in which it is carried is impossible, and the system proposes to exclude from the sewage all water save what is a necessary part of it; the mass being not carried by water, but forced through tubes by pneumatic pressure. For the proper working of these conduits a city or village is divided into sections so disposed that the discharge from the water-closets of each house can be effectively forced into a sectional reservoir. From these sectional reservoirs the material is removed also by pneumatic pressure into a vehicle adapted to this use, which makes regular rounds. It is not necessary that these sectional reservoirs should be in streets; and the unpleasant aspects of this operation would be avoided by having them in the lower part of an appropriate edifice. The sewage collected by this system is barrelled and sent to the country, and finds ready sale. The method of using it is to adjust one of the barrels on a plough so that it delivers the manure at the bottom of a furrow behind the ploughshare.

CREMATION.

Cremation, so called, has been applied to sewage not with a view to its destructive reduction, but with a view to reducing it only to a portable dry or powdered manure. Evaporation would be a more accurate term. Here, also, some form of the pail system—Liernur's method, the French *fosses mobiles*, or even the primitive Chinese plan—is implied. All the town refuse is taken together, and when the ashes are thoroughly sifted coal enough is obtained to carry on the whole process, which is in substance the carbonization of all the vegetable or table refuse called garbage, and the evaporation and drying of the excreta. This is reduced to a condition in which it is inoffensive to the senses, but retains its fertilizing qualities, and sells readily. The drying is done in a revolving cylinder. Various drying cylinders are in use for the same general purpose. The diagram M shows a very simple one.

M



SUMMARY.

No sewage disposal system is a dazzling success financially, as such things have been viewed in the visions of certain economists, but some of these systems do admirably answer ends legitimately related to the public health. Putting the public health in the first place—regarding that as the primary essential—and the economical part of the case as subsidiary, they are successful in different degrees; for they remove, consume, or convert substances that would contaminate the earth and the air near the homes of the people, and they prevent or modify the pollution of streams. The financial advantage is that some of them make a return nearly equivalent to the whole cost, so that great advantage is gained for a very small expenditure.

The least effective of all the methods are those that pretend to deal with the sewage chemically. These remove from the sewage stream its obvious contents by precipitation and mechanical separation together, and leave the stream clarified in a greater or less degree in different cases, but never thoroughly purified—never so nearly assimilated to its primary condition of purity that it may be safely permitted to flow where it can affect the sources of water supply, because it remains always in some degree a possible conveyer of disease. Against the discharge of such things into small rivers the English courts have repeatedly granted injunctions, after a thorough inquiry into the qualities of the effluent streams. And while they thus nearly always fail to meet one of the primary requirements, the chemical systems are not advantageous in producing a residue that is useful and valuable to farmers or gardeners. With persons experienced in these concerns it is almost an axiom that fertilizers produced by the chemical treatment of sewage are worth no more than the price of the chemicals used. Even this is not an altogether bad result. If communities can have their excreta rendered innoxious, and have the sale of the product return the price paid for the substances that made the change, they are doing reasonably well; but the fact that, in spite of all this, they are still running their sewage into the rivers, defeats the whole scheme.

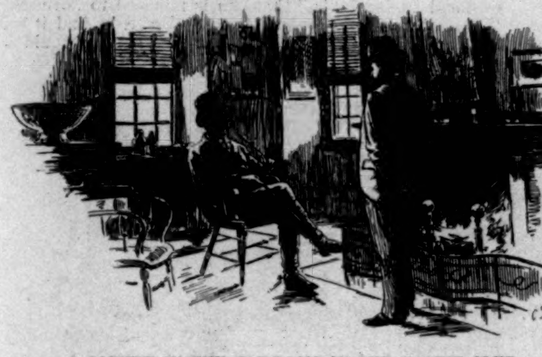
The chemical system is well adapted to places where the effluent can be run into the sea or into large tide-water rivers; wherever, in fact, it cannot contaminate the water that others are to use. At such points the only impurities that make a sewer discharge a nuisance are such as make it obviously offensive to the senses. These conditions of offensive impurity the chemical methods can and do neutralize and remove, and therefore this method has been satisfactorily operated for years at many sea-side places and at other small places where a clarified and partially purified effluent might be run into the rivers without obvious detriment.

For places where the effluent cannot be discharged into the streams unless it is effectively purified, the plan of filtration or irrigation is essential, and of these that by irrigation is the most effective. Filtration is very uncertain in its purifying effect, and in many cases the water runs away from the filtering area as impure as it entered it. Irrigation alone is an effective purifier of the stream. But here a new objection arises, which is that the gross impurities taken from the sewage are not, in fact, destroyed, but are simply passed onward and deposited in the lush vegetation of the sewage farm. It is easily perceived what harm may follow if this is true, and that it is in part true of sewage farms operated with an exclusive view to pushing the profit side of the case there is little doubt. The plan that is probably nearest to a satisfactory result involves the combination of these two systems—the filtration of the sewage to remove the grosser impurities, and the fertilization of a sewer farm with the stream that flows from the filter beds. This stream is always very rich in nutritive qualities, but is so far purified that it does not produce an offensively rank vegetation.

THE CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY HENRY L. NELSON.—ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES H. STEPHENS AND F. E. LUMMIS.

HE who has not tasted the hospitality of Philadelphia is ignorant of the joys which his country has in store for him; it is as broad and boundless as its territory. From the time when Penn trod its forest shades until to-day the city has more than vindicated its name. It has welcomed the stranger deemed worthy to sit within its gates with a gracious warmth that makes the memory of a visit to the city one to linger with. There is an old traditionary sentiment, or it may be merely the notion resulting from a gloomy day in an unknown town, that the drab dress of the Quaker has tinted the manners and customs and the opinions and feelings of Philadelphians with a sad monotony; that the domestic and social atmosphere of the town has absorbed a certain and fixed hue from the staid people to whom it is too much the habit of attributing all the virtues of the community that dwells between the Delaware and the Schuylkill. And yet if one will only regard it in friendly mood, drab is passing pleasant to the eye, and a touch of scarlet along its border aids it mightily. Life and activity are not wanting in this city of brotherly love, as one may readily discover if perchance he is admitted into the proper harbors where the human tides find change and rest from the active movement of the flood without.

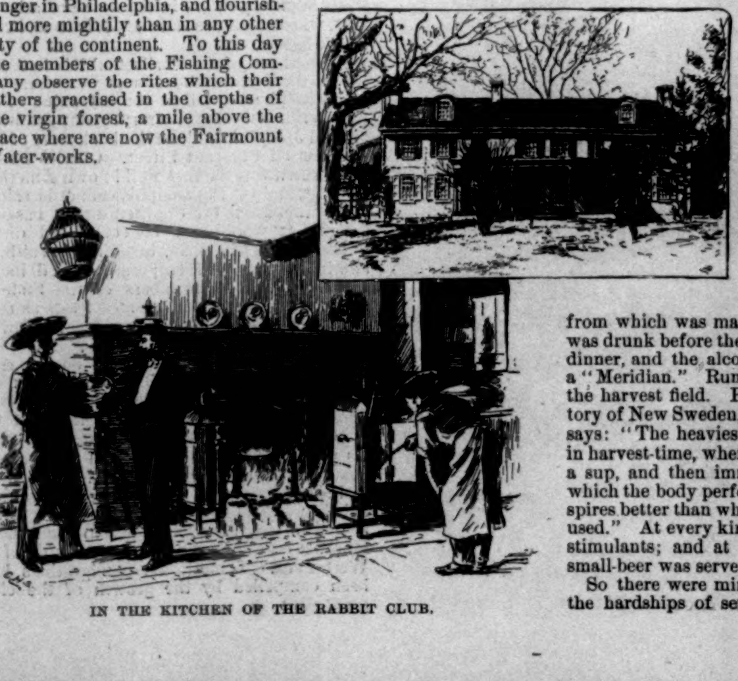


A CORNER IN THE TAP-ROOM OF THE RABBIT CLUB.

It would be hard to say why Philadelphia is so often called dull. Perhaps it is because of the strict orthodoxy of its large Quaker and Presbyterian population. It is true enough that many of its men and women lack the resources of their fellows of Boston and New York. Intellectual life in the town is not so quick or alacrious as the nimble mind of New England. When the Philadelphia mind is trained, it becomes a storehouse of solid and useful accomplishments; perhaps it would be better to designate its possessions qualifications instead of accomplishments. And then, again, there lies doubtless some cause for that which seems like sombreness in the fact that almost every Philadelphian has a home, so that on a Sunday, for example, when the public places of New York are thronged, the substantial young Philadelphian, who is not under the necessity of escaping from the horrors of a hall bedroom, remains within the doors of his own or his paternal mansion; or he may stroll about the streets of an afternoon; or he may ride or drive over the roads of the finest park in the country. He may do many things, but he does not haunt the public places; and he is, above all, a family man.

It may or it may not be true that "home-staying youth hath ever homely wit," but while there is plenty of wit in Philadelphia, the homes of the town have been potent rivals of the clubs. It is only within a few years that these social institutions have been regularly and numerously frequented by their members, although the city has the oldest club of English-speaking people, founded even before the famous Beefsteak Club began its prosperous career, and outliving that and all its fellows of the Johnsonian era. There are some over-zealous Philadelphians who will tell you that this club of theirs, now known as The State in Schuylkill, was the first of organized clubs, but they have forgotten to consult their eminent fellow-citizen Dr. Horace Furness, who would remind them of Shakespeare at the Mermaid, and of Ben Jonson's Apollo at the Old Devil Tavern.

The full name of the club is the Schuylkill Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill, and it is ancient enough even if it does not go back to the times of Elizabeth. These festal organizations, with their stated meetings having pleasure for their object, have lived longer in Philadelphia, and flourished more mightily than in any other city of the continent. To this day the members of the Fishing Company observe the rites which their fathers practised in the depths of the virgin forest, a mile above the place where are now the Fairmount Water-works.



IN THE KITCHEN OF THE RABBIT CLUB.

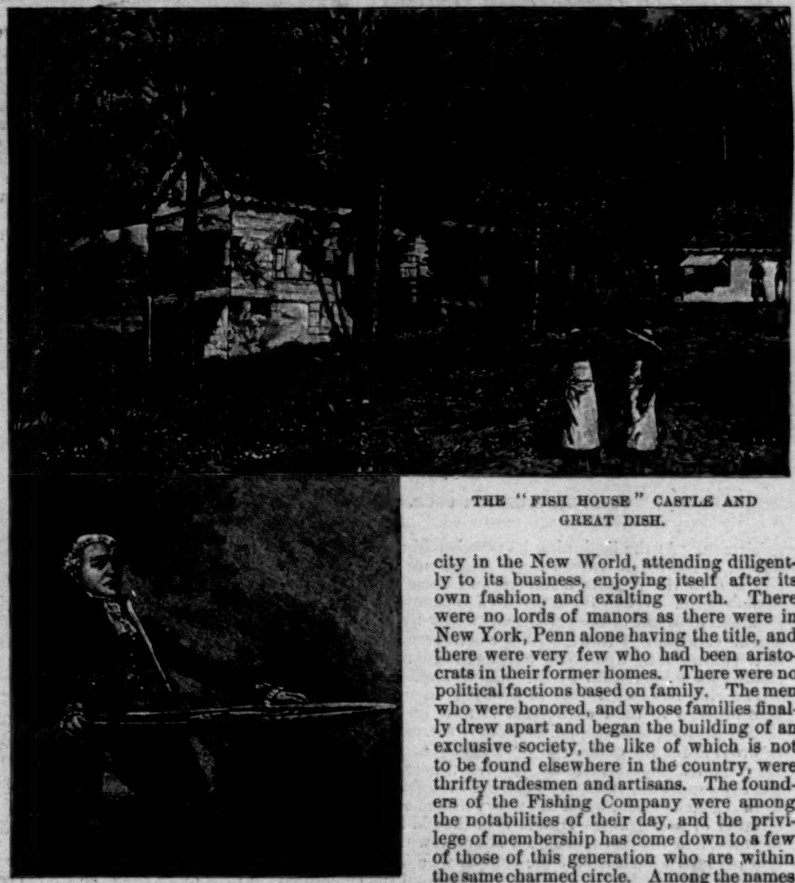
These same Philadelphians, of whose earnestness, devoutness, and patient industry we read in the standard histories, dearly loved the pleasures of eating and drinking, the calm pursuit of angling, and the excitement of the chase. The liberality of Penn's government brought to Philadelphia men of all countries and of many religious faiths. There were Swedes on the Delaware, Welshmen at Chester, and Germans at Frankford and Germantown. There were Tunkers, Moravians, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and Lutherans as well as Quakers, although these last were so much in the ascendent that an orderly quiet pervaded the young but rapidly growing town, and restrained the boisterous spirits. Moreover, whoever assumes that all Quakers of the early time were averse to enjoying the blessings of bountiful nature or the costly comforts of skilful and self-indulgent man has not read their history aright. William Penn maintained great state when he resided in his colony. He had out the best wines that could be purchased in the London cellars, and the finest cloths from the shelves of the mercers. When he went from his house in the country to attend to his affairs in the city, it was in a beautiful eight-oared barge. His retinue of servants and other extravagances are said to have excited the envy of some of his tenants, who protested against the payment of ground-rent to a landlord whose means were evidently so abundant.

The excellence of the fishing in the Schuylkill and the abundance of game in the neighboring woods were dwelt upon by those who visited the settlement long before the Fishing Company was organized. At the end of the seventeenth century the Swedes were among the most important of the inhabitants, and they have been unjustly deprived of much of the honor that is doubtless due them for bestowing upon the modern city some of its most delightful traits. Among other virtues, they possessed a strong love of the soil on which they dwelt, and this made their coming hither very slow. Perhaps the first immigrants from Scandinavia were not of a character that would make one welcome in the homes of their descendants. However that may be—and the vices of the early and adventurous times are the last subject to be dwelt upon—there soon came Swedes who cleared the forests between the Schuylkill and the Delaware, who raised good cattle and horses, and who are entitled to the gratitude of many generations for naturalizing the apple, the cherry, and the peach on the Delaware.

And these Swedes, besides loving their homes and clinging to them, in contrast to the migratory Dutchmen, who were all for trade, and who were tempted northward by their brethren in New York—these descendants of the Vikings maintained the traditions of their race with mighty eating and drinking. And these wholesome traits, refined in the process of civilization, remain a heritage of the city even in this modern time, and although the quiet Sundays, the precise and proper houses, and the frequent flutter of drab gowns remind one that the town was founded by Quakers, there be other joys in Philadelphia than those of meditation.

Four meals a day were required to keep the fires alight within the Swedish body, and they were accompanied or preceded by copious draughts of wine and liquor. Chief among the wines was Madeira, but there were sangaree, mulled wine and cider, cherry and currant wines, while the principal liquor was rum, from which was made a strong punch. This was drunk before the mid-day meal, which was dinner, and the alcoholic appetizer was called a "Meridian." Rum was the favorite drink in the harvest field. Parson Acrelius in his history of New Sweden, giving the reason for this, says: "The heaviest consumption [of rum] is in harvest-time, when the laborers most frequently take a sup, and then immediately a drink of water, from which the body performs its work more easily and perspires better than when rye whiskey or malt liquors are used." At every kind of assemblage there was need of stimulants; and at the formal funerals of the time, small-beer was served.

So there were mirth and jollity in the midst of all the hardships of settlement. There were taverns as there were in Boston and New York, but Philadelphia, always practical, turned its inns to use, and made them contribute to the support of those who might have been otherwise a public charge. Licenses in very early days were restricted to widows, except as they were occasionally issued to "decrepit men of good character."

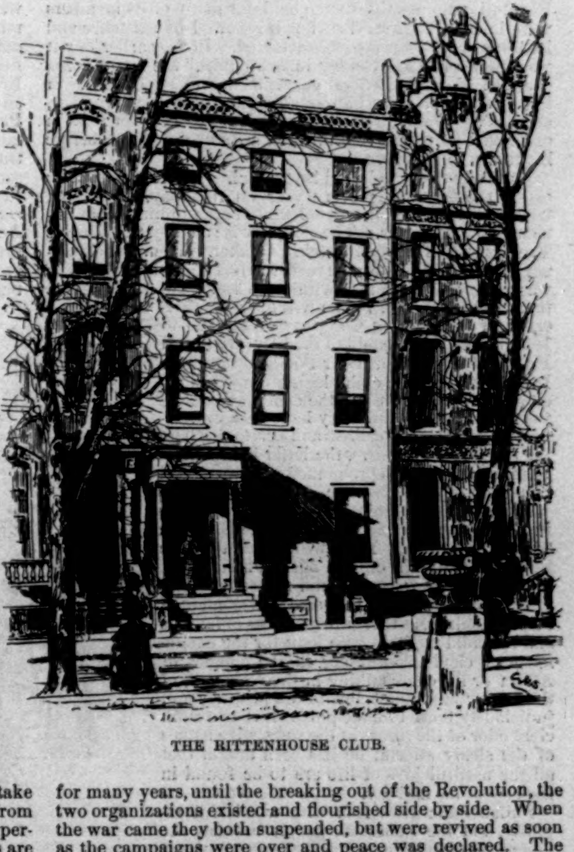


THE "FISH HOUSE" CASTLE AND GREAT DISH.

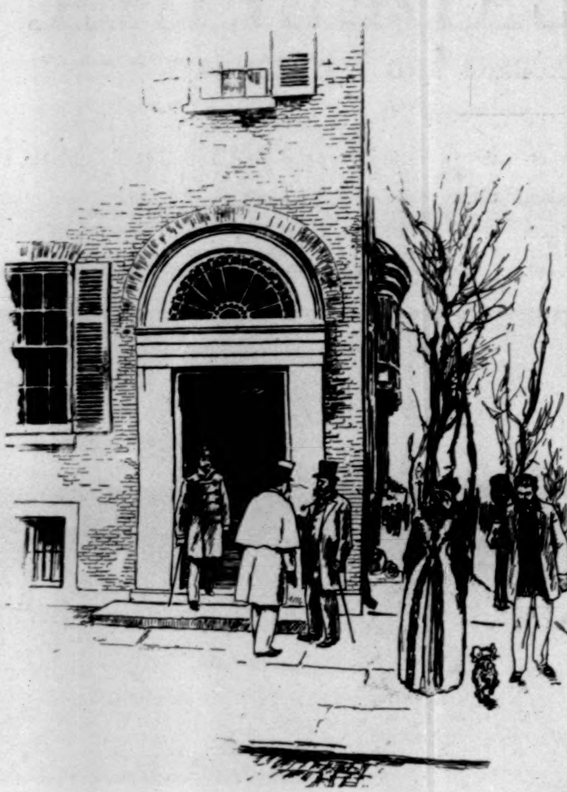
It was a stirring community, growing faster than any other city in the New World, attending diligently to its business, enjoying itself after its own fashion, and exalting worth. There were no lords of manors as there were in New York, Penn alone having the title, and there were very few who had been aristocrats in their former homes. There were no political factions based on family. The men who were honored, and whose families finally drew apart and began the building of an exclusive society, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere in the country, were thrifty tradesmen and artisans. The founders of the Fishing Company were among the notabilities of their day, and the privilege of membership has come down to a few of those of this generation who are within the same charmed circle. Among the names of the founders are some that are still famous in the city, and the just and beneficent local pride of the place is indicated in the lists of names to be read in the handsome volume that contains the club's history. To have been a director in the old "Hand-in-Hand" Insurance Company, or a contributor to the Pennsylvania Hospital, was to be distinguished. To be a member of the City Troop was to be honored.

At about the time when the Fishing Company was founded, a company of the Welsh inhabitants of the city, loving the woods and the sport of catching the perch and rock and catfish of the Schuylkill, established another club which they called the Fishing Company of Fort St. David, and for many years, until the breaking out of the Revolution, the two organizations existed and flourished side by side. When the war came they both suspended, but were revived as soon as the campaigns were over and peace was declared. The Fort St. David company, however, survived but a few years. Its massive timber fortification being accidentally burned, the club asked and received permission to unite its fortunes with those of the Fishing Company.

The old club is truly, as its name denotes, a company of



THE RITTENHOUSE CLUB.



THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB.

fishermen. At the beginning its membership was large, but now it is limited to twenty-five. There are apprentices in addition to the regular members, and these serve a probationary term. When there occurs a vacancy, an apprentice is chosen to be one of the privileged twenty-five. Sometimes a gentle and kindly heart, with a wholesome memory of his own youth strong upon him, resigns in order to create a vacancy that is longed for by the anxious apprentices.

The club has stated days of meeting, on which the members proceed to their castle that is now on the Delaware. One of the members is appointed purveyor, and it is his duty to provide for the coming day "frugally and abundantly." He procures some beefsteaks, and the fishermen of the club usually supply the rest. The catch is brought from the river to the castle at noon, when the weary fishers are regaled with a repast of beefsteaks. Dinner is at the old-fashioned hour of three, and the castle is closed at sundown. Fish, steaks, and perhaps a barbecue, if the company be large, constitute the bill of fare. The beverages are wine and the celebrated Fish-house Punch, sometimes called the "Governor," whose strength is famous wherever the bibulous gather together. The cooking is done by the members, who wear large straw hats and long aprons. No servants are permitted within the castle. These Philadelphia amateur cooks are very deft, and each man does his stint with a lofty pride in his avocation that does not fall much below the professional self-complacency of a French *cordon bleu*.

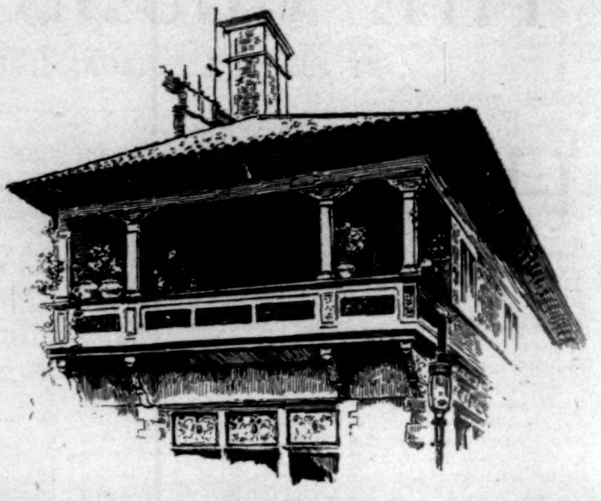
When Columbus's discovery of America shall be celebrated in 1892 this old social organization will lack just forty years of being half as old as the white man's America. During all these years it has maintained its character and its social rites and observances. It has not changed with the changing customs and spirit of the times. During the war of the Revolution no meetings were held, for many of its members were in the public service; but it renewed its existence and its life as soon as peace was declared. In the earlier day it was known as the "Colony in Schuylkill," the name being changed when the Federal government was established. It has pleasantly assumed an independent form of government, and Lafayette was invited to enjoy its hospitality in 1825, in order that he might visit all the States of the Union before his return to France.

Formerly the club leased its ground. The proprietor was called the *baron*, and every year, on rent-day, the annual tribute, a white perch, was solemnly borne to him on an immense pewter platter. The company is ruled by a Governor. The first was Thomas Stretch, a Quaker. Then came Samuel Morris, Jun., who governed for forty-six years. There was no more famous man within the borders of Philadelphia than Samuel Morris, for he was not only Governor of the Fishing Company from 1766 to 1812, but he was Captain of the City Troop and President of the Gloucester Fox-hunting Club. In colonial days the club's legislators were called *representatives*. Since the company became the State in Schuylkill they have been *counsellors*. Besides the *treasurers* and *secretaries* there are *sheriffs* and *coroners*, the latter being sometimes called upon to pronounce as to the actual condition of suspected fish.

Such a social organization exists nowhere else in this country, unless we except the Hoboken Turtle Club, of New York, which resembles the State in Schuylkill only in age. Philadelphia is the home of venerable and respected social institutions. There are some discontented Philadelphians, as there are residents of famous and splendid capitals, who long for the excitement of elephant-hunting in the jungles of Africa or for deer-stalking in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, but to the properly and judiciously born Philadelphian there is a sufficient odor of the forest in the suggestive names of the shady streets; he has been taught that all the needful joys of life are to be found in the city of his nativity.

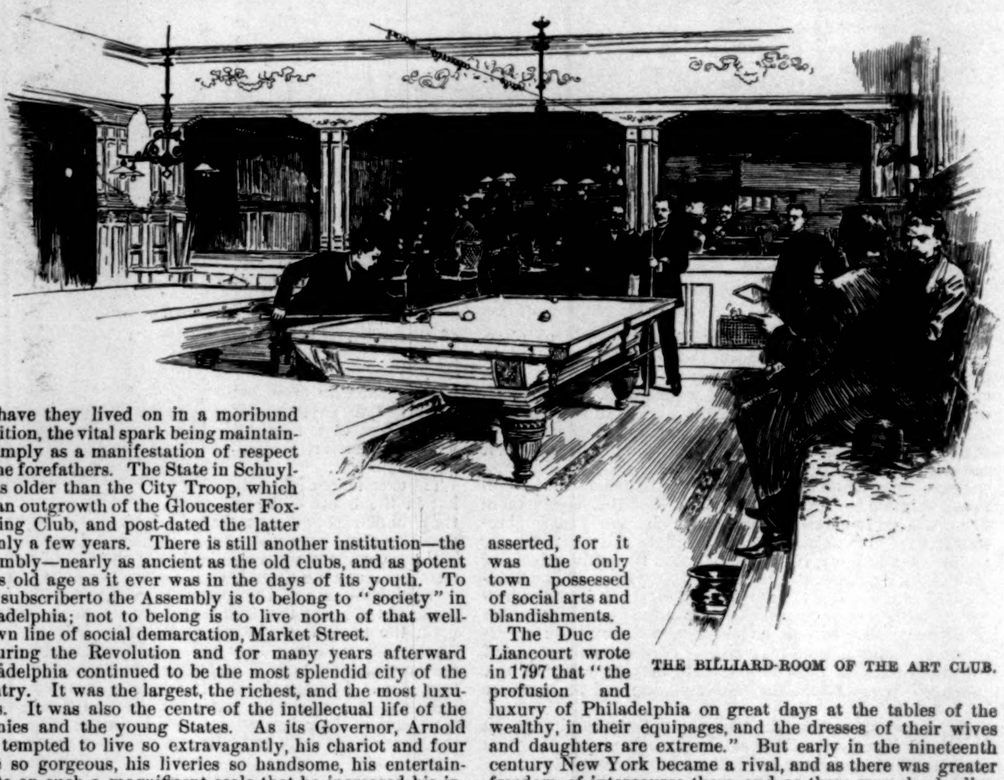
Philadelphia grew rich with wonderful rapidity, and the richer the people became, the more exclusive were their social organizations. The Colony in Schuylkill and the Fishing Company of Fort St. David were not the only clubs of Philadelphia in the eighteenth century. The country and climate of southeastern Pennsylvania, of Delaware and Maryland, invited to out-of-door sports, and it affords a measure of the wealth and standing of the colonist that in 1766 the Gloucester Fox-hunting Club was founded, while in Maryland the South River Club, of Anne Arundel County, long disputed the question of antiquity with the Fishing Company.

They seemed to have been glorious days in Philadelphia when the pleasure-loving citizens feasted in their Colony, and hunted on fields which are now cut up into streets, and covered with compact blocks of solid stone and brick structures. It is a revelation to many of their descendants that the pioneers of the country were rich enough to indulge their taste for the most expensive of sports. And yet the hunt club flourished for fifty-two years, and the imported dogs in its kennels and the horses in the stables of its members were famous through the country-side, and not unknown on the other side of the water.



A BIT OF THE ART CLUB.

There was great extravagance in Philadelphia in the early days, and the liking for expensive luxuries has continued to our own time, for the city has always been enormously wealthy, while its great power has been the mighty reserve force of the strong Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, for most of those who quitted Ulster in 1720 made their way to Penn's town on the Schuylkill. Here was a tremendous combination of home-staying, home-loving, energetic, wealth-building people, who were impressed, moreover, with a strong regard for respectability. They founded, in addition to their State, social institutions which have endured until to-day; nor have they lived on in a moribund condition, the vital spark being maintained simply as a manifestation of respect for the forefathers. The State in Schuylkill is older than the City Troop, which was an outgrowth of the Gloucester Fox-hunting Club, and post-dated the latter by only a few years. There is still another institution—the Assembly—nearly as ancient as the old clubs, and as potent in its old age as it ever was in the days of its youth. To be a subscriberto the Assembly is to belong to "society" in Philadelphia; not to belong is to live north of that well-known line of social demarcation, Market Street.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM OF THE ART CLUB.

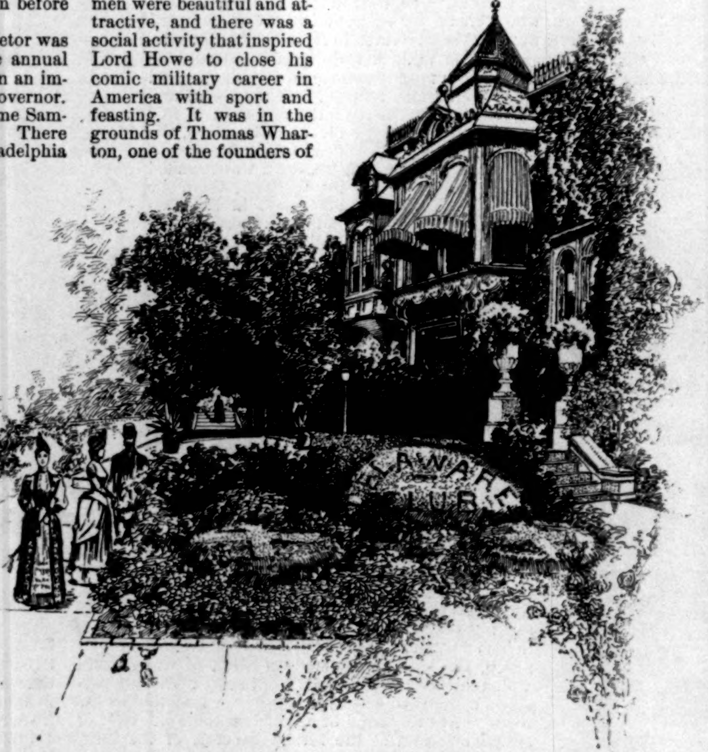
During the Revolution and for many years afterward Philadelphia continued to be the most splendid city of the country. It was the largest, the richest, and the most luxurious. It was also the centre of the intellectual life of the colonies and the young States. As its Governor, Arnold was tempted to live so extravagantly, his chariot and four were so gorgeous, his liveries so handsome, his entertainments on such a magnificent scale that he increased his indebtedness to an extent that tempted him to venality, and finally to treason. In no other city of the land would British officer have dreamed of the *Michianza*, but in Philadelphia the Tory women were beautiful and attractive, and there was a social activity that inspired Lord Howe to close his comic military career in America with sport and feasting. It was in the grounds of Thomas Wharton, one of the founders of the State in Schuylkill, that the British officers played knights to Philadelphia queens of love and beauty, and danced with light heads and careless hearts while they were unconsciously losing an empire. "General Howe has not captured Philadelphia," Franklin is reported to have said; "Philadelphia has captured General Howe." And it was the only town in America of which such a thing could be asserted, for it was the only town possessed of social arts and blandishments.

The Duc de Liancourt wrote in 1797 that "the profusion and luxury of Philadelphia on great days at the tables of the wealthy, in their equipages, and the dresses of their wives and daughters are extreme." But early in the nineteenth century New York became a rival, and as there was greater freedom of intercourse there, and as there was also leading families that controlled the politics of the State and possessed great landed interests, the first seat of the new government was very attractive.

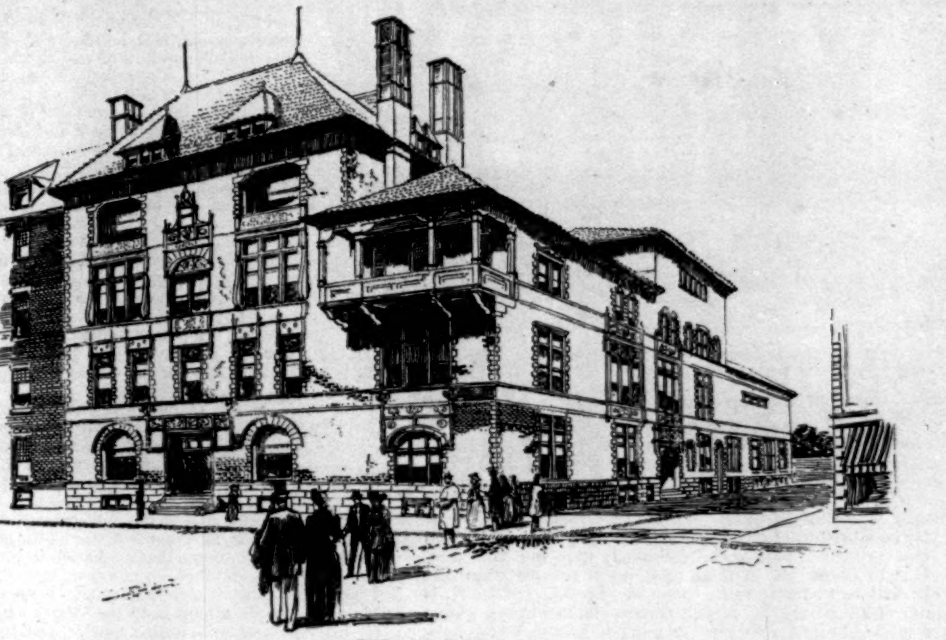
There was always about the life of New York a certain dash and spirit, and a certain readiness to absorb foreign influences which were lacking in Philadelphia. A rich, profuse, generous provincial issue has always distinguished the city on which the Quakers have stamped their love of order, the Scotch-Irish their energy, and the Germans their habits of industry. It is not only General Howe that Philadelphia has captured, it is every one who has visited the city with proper introductions. When you visit New York, you are in your own home, and enjoy yourself accordingly; when you visit Philadelphia, you are in the house of a lavish host, whose pleasure and duty it is to make his guests happy.

At the head of the intellectual life in America in the eighteenth century were Franklin and Rittenhouse, and at the beginning of the nineteenth the first literary group gathered around Joseph Dennie in the book-store of Mr. Dickens on Chestnut Street. Charles Brockden Brown was the first well-known American novelist, and yet Philadelphia cannot be said to be distinguished for the literature it has produced. It would not be considered distinguished for its intellect, but for its wealth, its admirably managed corporations, and its respectability. The members of the State in Schuylkill meet for their stated feasts as regularly and as enthusiastically as their forefathers did a hundred and fifty years ago.

Another club has grown up on the same principle, only the Rabbit has a larger membership, is devoted to modern cookery, and indulges in a more varied bill of fare. It was organized in 1867, and incorporated in 1877. Its pleasant homes have been in the beautiful suburbs which Philadelphians love so much and care for so well. At one time it was domiciled in a farm-house in Rabbit Lane; then it moved to Hay Lane; and then to the Asheton Mansion on the Ford Road, just outside of the West Park. Some of these migrations have been compelled by the growth of the city's great park.



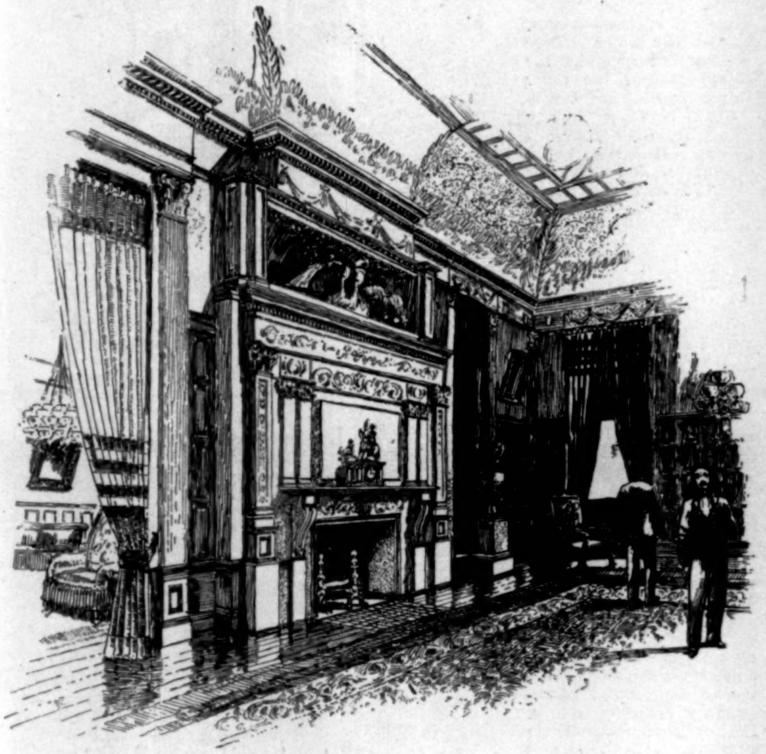
THE DELAWARE CLUB.



THE ART CLUB.

In every change the club has manifested its determination to be comfortable. Nowhere in the country are the old-fashioned farm-houses so generous in size as those in the outskirts of Philadelphia. Many of them are still standing in the park and by the side of the railroad approaches. Germantown and Frankfort are rich in them. Their scarred stucco walls suggest the times when they once sheltered hospitable hosts and merry guests who had ridden hard all day after the fox. In some such house the Rabbit Club has usually made its home, sufficiently far from the city to conform to the purpose of the organization, which is "to encourage riding and driving among the members by the maintenance of a country resort for meetings and athletic sports." So the members and their guests drive or ride over to their comfortable quarters for "stated dinners" or occasional feasts. In respect to the preparation of the dinner, the time-honored custom of the State in Schuylkill is followed. A member, who is appointed caterer for the day, assigns to each person, member of the club or guest, a duty, and then follows a splendid and praiseworthy rivalry in the noble art of cookery. At the Rabbit one may see displayed an intimate knowledge of the intricacies of the kitchen which were invented in France, but which are nowhere more zealously pursued than by the amateurs on the Schuylkill. And yet the by-laws provide that the dinner shall not be expensive. At the same time, if I may be pardoned an indulgence in the vulgar habit of counting the cost of an artistic product, it may be added that $2 50, the limit, when one does one's own cooking, ought to buy a very good meal.

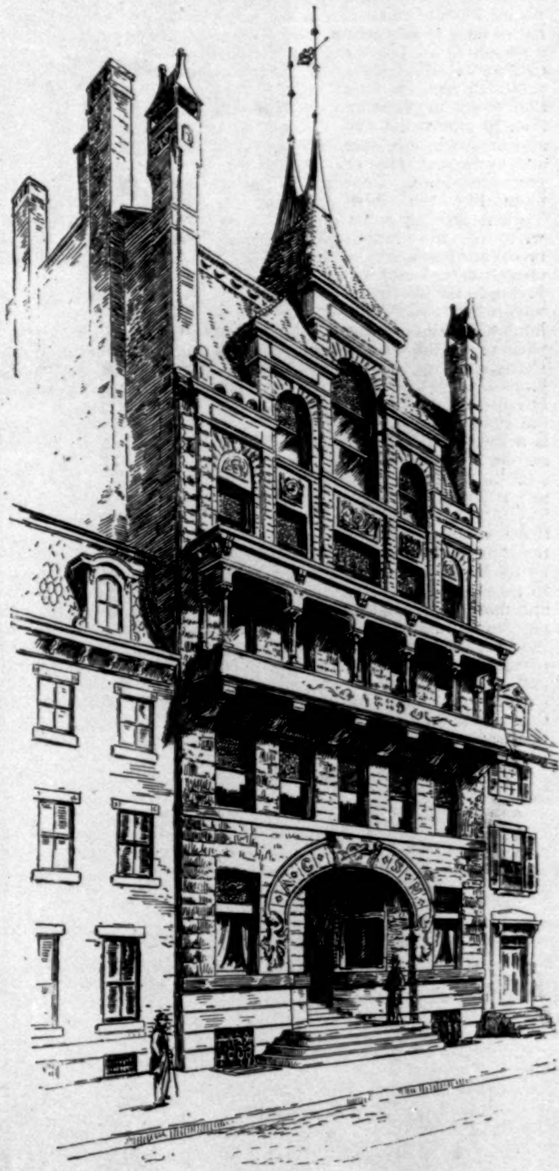
There are and have been other clubs in Philadelphia typical of the delightful and unique city. Not that clubs like them are not occasionally met with elsewhere, but in Philadelphia they are to the manner born, and are as native to the social atmosphere and as truly Philadelphian as any Rittenhouse of them all. There is a joyous, frank, and lovely quality about the hospitality of the town of which New York and Boston do not partake. It is our pleasure and our duty in New York to entertain distinguished strangers, because it is our pleasure and our duty to be polite. To welcome the notability, and to assure him that our streets are his to wander in as he will, is our civic and corporate custom. He dines at the houses of our citizens, and it is the barest justice to say that our private hospitality knows no stint. Sometimes a great man is honored with a public dinner, but the club that devotes itself to receiving people is generally regarded as moved by a spirit that is distinctly foreign to metropolitan institutions.



THE PARLOR OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

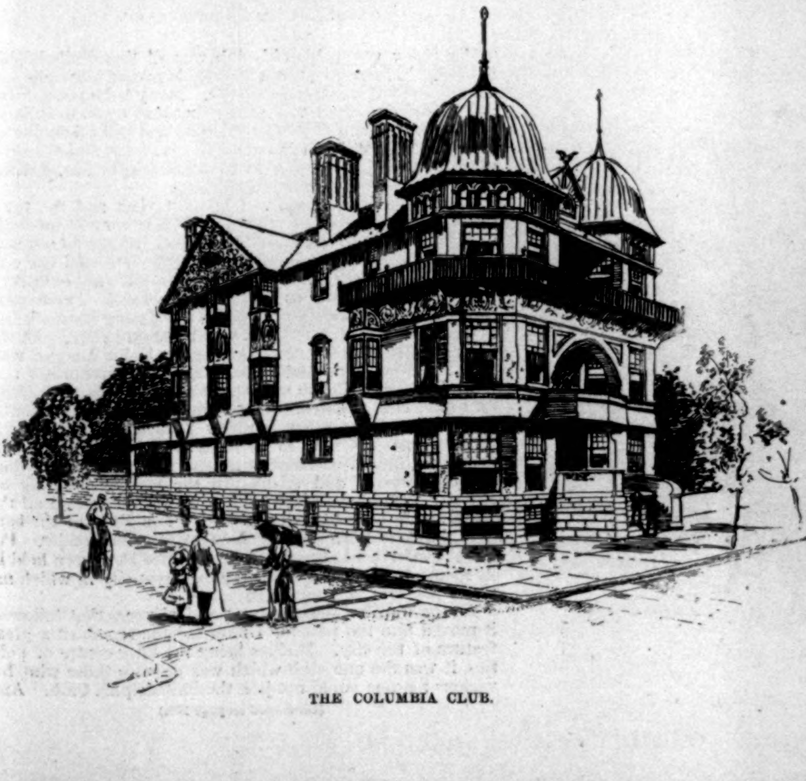
Boston devotes itself more than New York to playing the part of aggregate host, but still lacks the large and hearty flavor of Philadelphia hospitality. One must be very distinguished to be the recipient of a public dinner in Boston. In the city between the Schuylkill and the Delaware there is a club named for the founder of the colony, Penn, which exists for the enjoyment that entertainment furnishes to its members. In its rooms at the corner of Eighth and Locust streets the Penns take their pleasure in bidding welcome the wayfarer, be he distinguished much or little. They do not entertain you merely because it is polite to do so, or because the neglect would be a blot upon the town's fair fame, but because they enjoy seeing you and one another. It may be inferred that there is a deal of kindly human nature in Philadelphia, and it manifests itself most charmingly in the Penn Club.

Among the truly Philadelphian institutions were the Wister parties and the Saturday Club. These were conversational and supper clubs, and Dr. Wister was the founder of the one as a protest against the prandial extravagance of the other. But alas for the frailty of the dainty Philadelphia stomach! The doctor, like many another reformer, found his plans go all awry. The simple bread-and-cheese diet expanded into feasts more in keeping with the tastes and pockets of the members of the club, until the parties were actually drowned out of existence in a flood of champagne and terrapin.



THE ATHLETIC CLUB—SCHUYLKILL NAVY.

But it is time to be talking about what their members doubtless call the real clubs of Philadelphia—those great social institutions which are the possession in all their perfection of the men of the English-speaking countries, and of them alone. Those of Philadelphia do not differ in any material respect from their like in New York and Boston which we have already considered.



THE COLUMBIA CLUB.

First and foremost among them is the old Philadelphia Club. It is not so old as the Somerset of Boston, but it antedates the Union of New York. The latter, however, started out in the pride and splendor of a house—not its own, but a whole house nevertheless—while the Philadelphia was content with rooms on Fifth Street below Walnut. Then it moved to Ninth above Spruce, and in 1850 it went into its present large plain brick structure, once the property and home of Pierce Butler, on the corner of Thirteenth and Walnut streets. Here it has remained ever since, its members content, conservative, and scorning unfeignedly all suggestions, not only of going up town and of a modern building, but even of modern decorations.

In the Philadelphia Club one finds the Philadelphians with ancestors. The world has moved, the past is gone; there are people living on Walnut Street who know not Joseph, but the old Philadelphian, surrounded by his sons and grandsons, sits in the windows of the club which is named for the city of his affections, and firmly believes that the virtue and enterprise of the town reside where they did far back in the twilight days, when the belles sat on the wooden benches of the front porches and received the stately salutations of the passing beaus—men and women clad in silks and velvets and the rich stuffs which were imported into Philadelphia in greater quantities than into any other city of the country. The old beaus would have uttered many growls against the present tariff tax on clothes, and probably would not have appreciated the resulting increase of factory smoke.

These old Philadelphians are not popular with their fellow-citizens who are less prosperous, or who, having acquired wealth, do not happen to possess the necessary qualifications